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About Women—Almost"

— Glenn Ford

Maureen O'Hara



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Bid "good-bye" to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in a clear, rich color of your choice a color more alive than lipstick colors, because—no grease. Yes, new Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax—no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Truly, Liquid Liptone brings to your lips lasting color-beauty that's almost too attractive!

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#### SCREENLAND

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Exclusive Photos by PICTORY

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SMITH



AR BUCHANAN

HETH DWYN-TURE

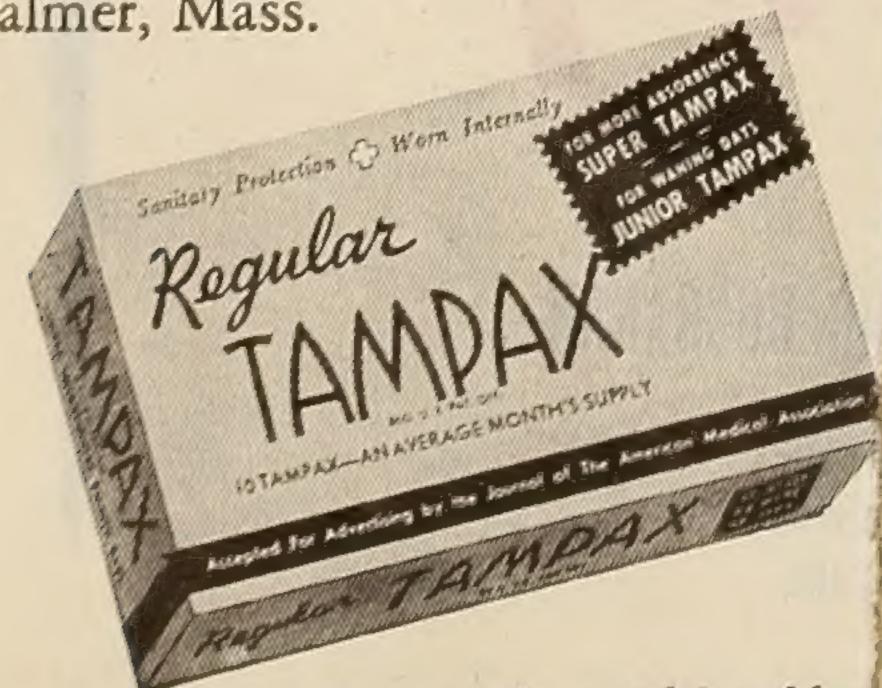


Tampax is discretion itself at swimming time. Because this remarkable monthly sanitary protection has no outside pad... Give this one fact your full consideration—and you'll realize that Tampax can be trusted in the water and out of the water with your bathing suit wet or dry. So get Tampax for the next occasion and enjoy those additional "stolen" swims!

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by the Journal of the American Medical Assoc



Jimmy Stewart, star of "Stratton Story," with socialite Gloria Hatrick McLean at Stork Club. They'll be man and wife soon.

Coma Wrights
PARTY GOSSIP



SHELLEY WINTERS - Produced by RICHARD MAIBAUM - Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT Screenplay by Cyril Hume and Richard Maibaum From the novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald and the play by Owen Davis

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The new brief styles are easy on the eyes

-easy to set, yourself, with DeLong Bob Pins.

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The Short Halo—created by Helen Hunt, famous Hollywood hair stylist. Make 3 rows of pin curls. Work clockwise from left part toward face. Pull hair slightly forward as you pin. Brush out hair upward, away from face. Let ends fall forward. Brush back hair upward.





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Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins
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Jimmy Durante and Bob Hope before an NBC program. Bob is soon to be seen in "The Great Lover" with Rhonda Fleming as the girl he really loves.

Below: Jane Wyman, now in England, is making "Stage Fright" for Alfred Hitchcock. Michael Wilding is her leading man. Jane's lonesome for home.

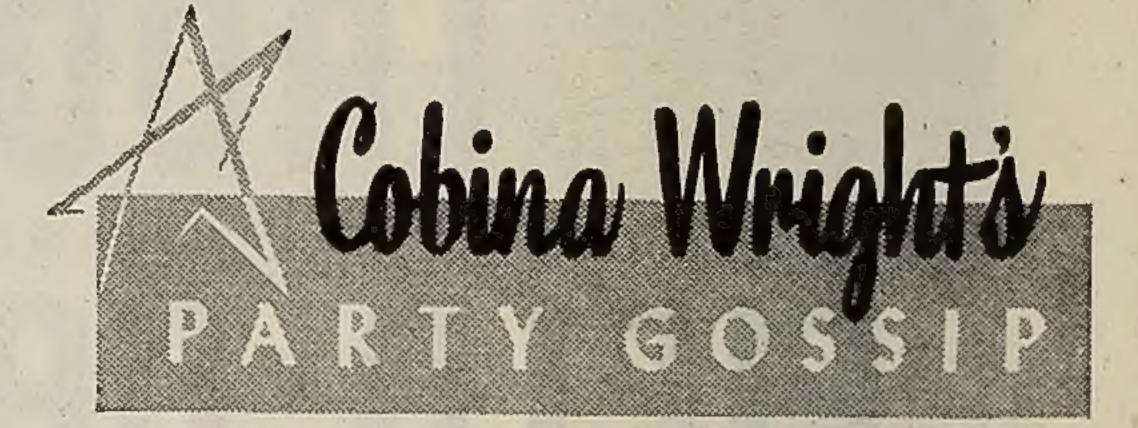




Above: Audrey Totter with Brian Donlevy at formal Hollywood premiere. It's one of the surprise twosomes of the town. Both claim it isn't serious.

Right: Gene Tierney with Betty Lou Gerson on the Hollywood Star Theatre. Gene is returning to the screen in "Whirlpool," a 20th Century-Fox picture.





Pamela were at a party the other evening with the Van Heslins and Betty Hutton and her Ted and they brought their new baby, crib, diapers and formula, right along with them. They never let the baby out of their sight.

Betty Hutton, who loves babies so much, couldn't take her eyes off the Mason infant, although we did get her to stop making gurgling noises, to tell us how happy she is to get the part of Annie Oakley in "Annie Get Your Gun," which Judy Garland had to forfeit when the studio suspended her.

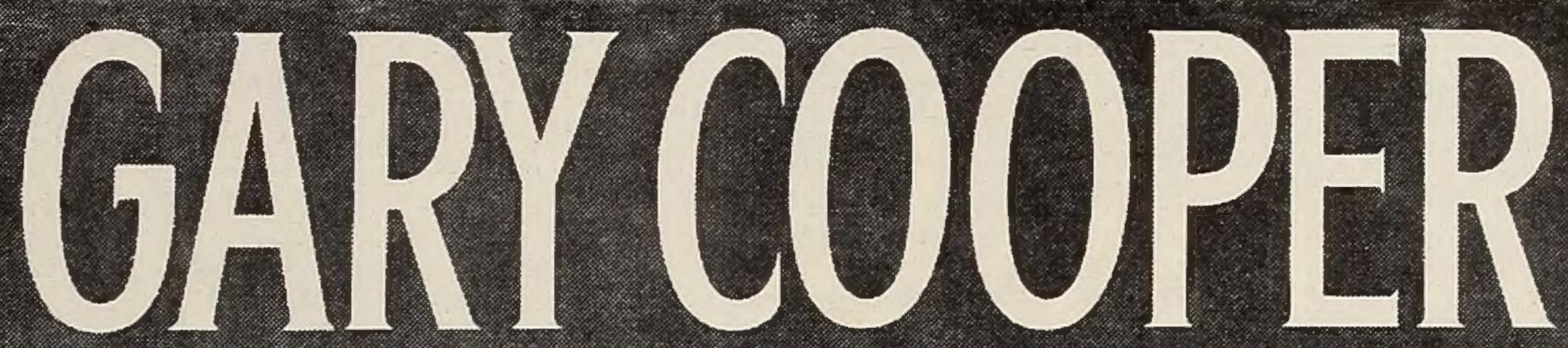
BRIAN AHERNE, at the same party, told us that a producer had asked him to play the King in the production of "Hamlet" which they're doing in Denmark in the original setting of the Castle of Elsinore where Shakespeare placed it. Margaret Sullavan and several other Hollywood film stars are going over, but Brian politely turned the offer down.

"Why?" I asked him. "Didn't you want to do the role?"

"Oh, yes, Cobina," Brian suavely re-



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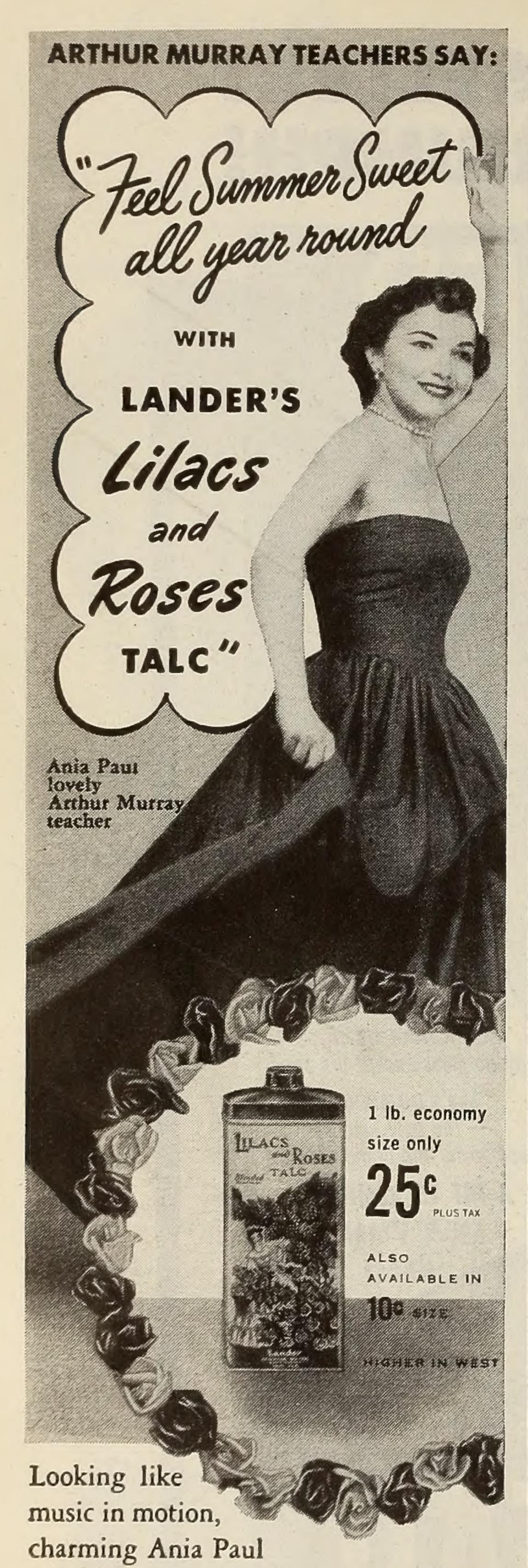
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## Cobina Wright's

plied. "I simply asked them if they didn't think that *Hamlet* was a better part!"

Brian, oddly enough, is only one member of the British colony to take up, of all things, square dancing, and if you were to attend these weekly sessions at the smart Bel-Air Hotel, you'd really get a kick out of seeing Deborah Kerr and her husband, Tony Bartley, Brian and Eleanor, and all the stiff English actors and actresses, decked out in blue jeans and calico bandannas, whirling

Below: Dick Haymes and Nora Eddington Flynn dining at the Stork in Manhattan.







Lola Albright, who's featured in Warners' gay comedy, "The Girl From Jones Beach."

their partners in a circle.

What amused me most is that the "caller" of this typically American dance form—and everyone says he's the best—is the typically British-voiced Ronald Colman!

THERE'S no party like a wedding party, whether it be in Hollywood or Hoboken and, since so many film colony mergers are done very quietly, in Q. T. Nevada, when there is a formal wedding, with veil, rice and champagne, you can be sure everyone is going to turn out.

The most lavish of these recent affairs, in fact, the most elaborate since Diana (Please turn to page 70)

Left: Ginger Rogers with Vinton Hayworth, radio star, at Sherry-Netherland in N. Y.

Celeste Holm and her son, Daniel Dunning, with his new U.S. Savings Bond Certificate.



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Anna Incusta!

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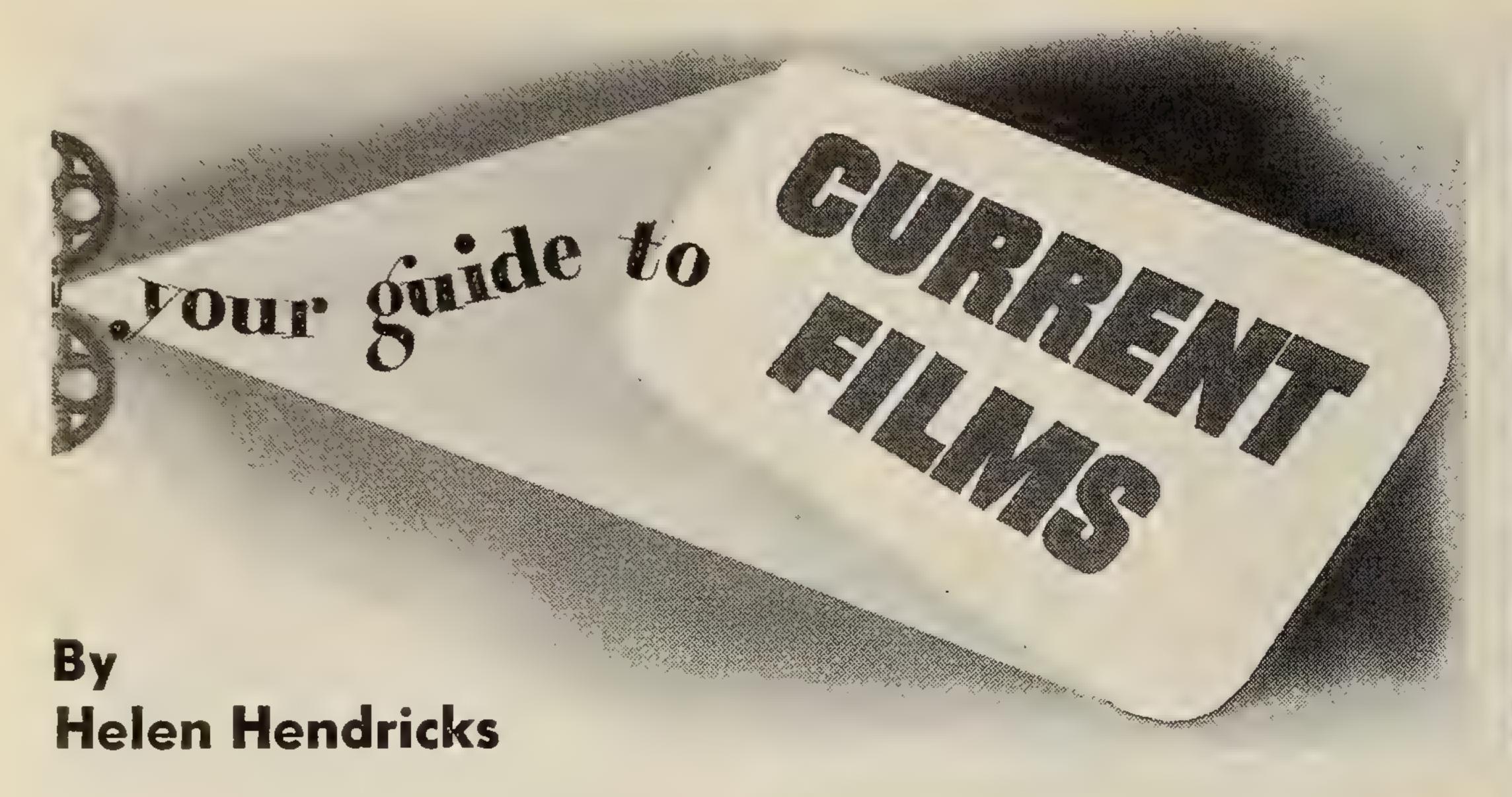
Anna Jucasta

PAULETTE GODDARD

William Bishop - John Ireland - Oscar Homolka

and BRODERICK GRANFORD

Screen Play by Philip Yordan and Arthur Laurents · Based upon the play, "Anna Lucasta", by Philip Yordan A SECURITY PICTURES PRODUCTION · Directed by IRVING RAPPER · Produced by PHILIP YORDAN



#### Edward, My Son

MGM

HEN a parent uses money and indulgence instead of love and understanding to win the affection of his only son, not only will father and son suffer, but so will the countless people whose lives they touch. This tragic result, plus the many others which stem from the same selfish principles, are all brought out with vivid performances by Spencer Tracy, as the father, and Deborah Kerr, the mother of the much talked about but never seen Edward.

As an average middle-class couple living in England, the Boults don't seem marked in any particular manner when you first see them. However, when Tracy burns down his store to collect the insurance to pay for an operation his young son needs, you really get the idea that Edward is going to have the best of everything at any cost. Unfortunately, the "cost" not only means a fire-gutted building, but also the jail sentence and subsequent suicide of Boult's business partner, constant double-

"The Blue Lagoon" is a Technicolor treat starring Jean Simmons and Donald Houston.





Barbara Stanwyck isn't handled too gently by Stephen McNally in "The Lady Gambles."

crossing, the slow but complete disintegration of Deborah, the suicide of Boult's mistress and death of Edward, who is minus any sense of morals.

Excellent acting by Tracy, Deborah and Ian Hunter, as the doctor in love with Deborah, who is able to salvage only one human being out of Tracy's destructive powers: Edward's illegitimate son. Superior entertainment, this is strictly for adults.

#### The Girl From Jones Beach

Warner Brothers

THE Randolph Girl, as painted by Lartist Ronald Reagan, is quite a composite dish: the face of one model, the hands of another, the lips from a third, the legs from a fourth, and, well —etc. The finished product is quite a cookie, so much so that a big executive wants to do a television show based around her! But since the Randolph Girl's creator hasn't let anyone in on his nefarious secret, he has a tough time convincing Eddie Bracken that he isn't interested in the offer. Being the persistent guy he is, Bracken finally learns the truth and, completely shattered, decides to commit suicide—but, wait—as he drifts in his leaky rowboat past Jones Beach, he catches a glimpse of a truly wonderful hunk of pulchitrude, Virginia Mayo—the Randolph Girl all in one neat



Lucille Ball and Victor Mature in "Interference," RKO tingler about pro football.

package. It would be very easy if Eddie could row up, get her name on the dotted line and make everyone happy, but it isn't that simple. Reagan has to enroll in a night school for foreigners which Virginia teaches (you'll get some mighty good laughs out of his 'accent'), and Eddie has to keep the other twelve models from knowing what's going on. Very humorous and very gay, you can't miss by seeing what can happen at Jones Beach.

#### Stampede

Allied Artists

WESTERNS will always be box-office just as long as they keep turning out fast-moving epics like this. Surprisingly enough, the usual cliches you look for, and find, in a picture of this type, are missing. The gal, Gale Storm, is an independent little cuss, but a very believable and cute one. One scene where she roughs up Rod Cameron, is funnier than all git out. The man, Cameron, is one of the most human cattlemen we've seen in a long time. Whatever he does, he does because circumstance motivates his actions and not because he's really a softie underneath all that brawn and muscle. The plot about a cattle baron caught between some land swindlers and a group of settlers who want him to relinguish his control over the only water supply in the territory, is equally welldone. Besides a lot of fast action and gun-fire, this has an added surprise it brings back Johnny Mack Brown, good-looking as ever, as the soft-spoken sheriff.

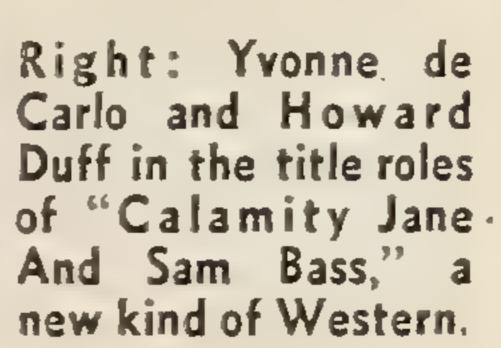
#### Forbidden Street

20th Century-Fox

FASCINATED since childhood by the slummy alley back of her home known as Britannia Mews, Maureen O'Hara eventually finds that her whole life revolves around the street. Grown to young womanhood, Maureen becomes infatuated by her drawing master, Dana Andrews, a no-account opportunist, who takes his young starry-eyed bride to live



Left: Betty Field, Alan Ladd and Barry Sullivan as the triangle in "The Great Gatsby," Alan's best screen performance.





in the alley above a stable. When he has a fatal accident, her last escape from the Mews and its degrading way of life is cut off by a blackmailing old hag who insists she saw Maureen kill her husband. Only when a young man gets tossed out of the pub and almost into her lap, does Maureen come out of her apathy and put aside the gin bottle at which she's been nipping. Probably the fact that the stranger looks exactly like her dead husband accounts for the change—the similarity isn't too odd since Dana Andrews plays the other role, too. Between them both, they change the Mews from a place of derelicts to a fashionable street, and this is done when they stage excellent puppet shows. That the young couple run into some difficulties because they are posing as man and wife is mostly comedy relief and not to be taken too seriously.

#### Neptune's Daughter (Technicolor)

MGM

WELL, tie my trident, if it isn't Esther Williams cutting through the waters of a blue-tinted pool, again. Esther is the voluptuous but levelheaded executive of a bathing suit manufacturing concern, while Keenan Wynn is her good-Joe partner. Esther's wacky

decides to hook herself a South American polo player. To say that she mistakes Red Skelton for the polo player should be enough, but there's a lot more. Esther finds the polo player Red is impersonating, and tells him in no uncertain terms hands off her little sister. Ricardo Montalban goes along with the gag because he thinks Esther is super, but it isn't until the very end that Esther finds out the truth. Though the picture is excellent right along, some of the funniest scenes arrive with Esther's deepfreeze treatment of Ricardo, Betty's mad, passionate chanting of "Baby, It's Cold Outside," which she does while making advances to Red, and Red's romancing in Spanish plus his polo-playing. The only trouble with this is that the laughs come so close together you can miss out on some dialogue.

#### Roughshod

RKO

TASY-GOING, yet never slack when Li it comes to suspense, you'll find this a worthwhile saga of the Old West. Bob Sterling, pursued by a trio of killers, and Claude Jarman, as his kid brother, make up a nice team of unassuming young men. Just as soon as they get rid of the killers and a dance hall girl, Gloria Grahame, they intend to sister, Betty Garrett, is the one who start a horse ranch. Bob hates everygets the hilarity under way when she thing Gloria stands for and in spite of

the fact that he makes violent love to her, tells her in no uncertain terms that marriage is out because she wouldn't make fitting company for his young brother. Although a boy, Claude is nevertheless a brighter lad in some respects: he likes Gloria and thinks she's just the girl for Bob. This disagreement almost causes a rift between the brothers, but a gun-battle makes Bob turn noble and less fusty.

#### The Blue Lagoon (Technicolor)

Universal-International Release

WHAT do you like in the way of adventure? Name it and you got it in this nifty about a couple of children and a sailor who are shipwrecked on a deserted Pacific island. Shortly after landing on this paradise, lush with tropical foliage and bordered by a white sandy beach, the sailor meets an untimely death, leaving the two youngsters on their own. Besides the clothes they are wearing, the only other memento from the civilized world is a book on etiquette. Years pass and the next time you see the tykes, they are perfect specimens of male, Donald Houston, and female, Jean Simmons. He's got more muscles than Atlas and she's sensash in a sarong. Any two other people would be very content with a set-up like they have, but, no, they want to go back to civilization.



Left: Virginia Mayo puts her best foot forward so far as Joel McCrea is concerned in Warners' "Colorado Territory."

Right: Spencer Tracy, Ernest Jay and Leueen MacGrath in "Edward, My Son," a story of a father's devotion for his son.





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NESTLE - originators of permanent waving — Meriden, Conn.

Right: Being manhandled by Max and Buddy Baer is only part of Lou Costello's woes in "Africa Screams," his latest comedy with Bud Abbott for Universal-International. Don't miss this one!

Below: Gloria Grahame, Robert Sterling and Claude Jarman, Jr., in "Roughshod," an RKO Western in which Gloria, a dance hall girl, and Bob fall in love, but complications set in immediately.





Above: It's Virginia Mayo again, but this time in a much lighter role in the rollicking "The Girl From Jones Beach." Ronald Reagan, who plays an artist, is on receiving end of the kiss.

Right: Keenan Wynn, Esther Williams and Betty Garrett in "Neptune's Daughter." Red Skelton and Ricardo Montalban are also in this MGM comedy about polo and bathing suits. In color.



They almost do when two renegades, looking for pearls, stumble on the island. Taken in by promises at first, the children of nature eventually get the idea that all the strangers are after are the pearls which Houston brings up from the lagoon. One of the strangers is also after Jean. They get neither of the treasures and the couple is left on the island a while longer until they finally put together a boat and a few other things and begin their journey back to England. Oh, well, to each his own. . . .

#### The Great Gatsby

Paramount

TUST because he never got over loving one woman, Betty Field, Alan Ladd turns bootlegger and racketeer in order to get enough money to be able to live up to her. After many years, during which time Betty has married and become a mother, Alan finally manages to scrape a few millions together and buys a 30 some odd room cottage on Long Island Sound. Right across the bay, Betty is grub-staking in an equally unpretentious palace. Through her cousin, Macdonald Carey, Alan gets to meet Betty again, and, zingo, you get proof positive that an old flame never dies. Everyone is all mixed up and very unhappy. Betty's husband is pitching woo with a garage owner's wife, Alan is pitching thousand dollar bills around, Ruth Hussey is pitching foul balls, and Betty,







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because she's so emotionally inhibited, is just in there pitching. The fact that Betty accidentally runs over her husband's amour, and kills her, really fixes Alan fine because he takes the blame for the death, and the garage-owner, grief-stricken and crazed, fills the Ladd body with bullets. One thing about this picture is a very strong flavor of the strange emptiness of living which seemed so much a part of the 1920s. It's a difficult thing to catch and film, but it was done.

#### Sand (Technicolor)

20th Century-Fox

BASED on a novel by one of the greatest writers on horses, Will James, this is a yarn about a show horse who jumps the train when his box-car

catches on fire, and roams the desert. As his devoted owner, Mark Stevens, points out, the fact that he's psychologically unadjusted to cope with the dangers of freedom—we're talking about a horse, remember—might make a great change in his personality. It certainly does—our equine friend who once played with kittens, nuzzled his master and ate sugar from the hands of children, now is a killer who would just as soon stomp a man to death as he would whinny. Although he almost mashes Coleen Gray into the good earth, Mark still believes his horse can get over this split-personality business and get back to winning cups again. Mark's search for his maladjusted horse almost ends when Rory Calhoun, a ranch foreman, sets out to shoot the ornery critter. However, he has a change of heart and he, Mark and Coleen finally capture "Jubilee," who, in turn, winds up being a cutie-pie after all. [Please turn to page 73]

## September SCREENLAND A free copy of the September SCREENLAND will be mailed direct to you if you are one of the first 500 to tell us a little about yourself

A free copy of the September SCREENLAND will be mailed direct to you if you are one of the first 500 to tell us a little about yourself and your family. It's fun—easy, too. Just fill in the answers and mail them to us today!

Number in the order of your choice the feature stories you like best in this issue: "I Like Everything About Women—Almost,' says Glenn Ford".... "Danny Wanted To Be Dr. Kaye".... "Intoxicating Vixen"....

Which departments do you like best?

Do you own or rent your home?....

"Beauty" by Courtenay Marvin.... "Right Off The Record" by Fred Robbins.... "What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About" by Lynn Bowers....

Are you: Married.... Single.... Engaged? How many folks in your family?.... If married, how many children do you have?.... If employed, what kind of a job do you have?.....

Does your family have a television set?.... When did you get it?....

Do you plan to buy one?.... Do they have a car?.... What make?....

What year?.... Do you have a telephone at home?....

Do you smoke?.... What brand cigarette do you like?...... How long have you smoked?....

How much do you spend each year for clothes?..... How much do you spend for toilet goods, including cosmetics?.....

Do you use home permanent kits?.... Do you buy refills?....

Do you wash your own hair? How often?

Do you wash your own hair?.... How often?..... Which do you prefer: Cream shampoo..... Liquid shampoo..... Toilet soap?..... What brand?.....

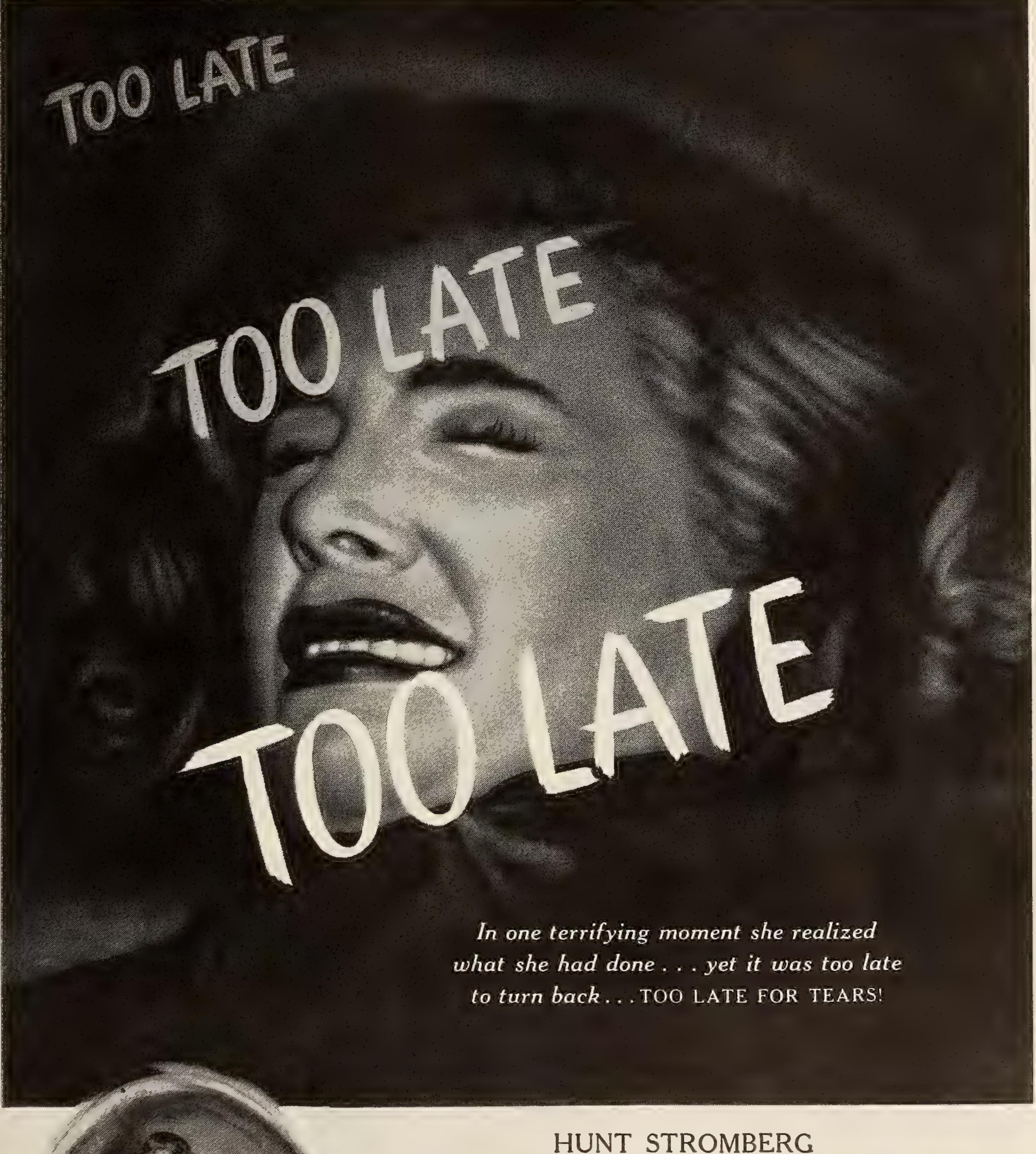
Do you use a special rinse?.... What brand?......

Check the schools you have attended: High School.... College.... Vocational....

Do you own a typewriter?.... What make?...... Do you use a typewriter in your work?.... Which make do you prefer?........... How many people read your copy of SCREENLAND?.....

Name..... Age... Address..... Age...

444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.



HUNT STROMBERG

presents

LIZABETH SCOTT · DON DE FORE · DAN DURYEA TOO LATE FOR TEARS

Arthur Kennedy • Kristine Miller • Barry Kelley

Screenplay by Roy Huggins

Produced by HUNT STROMBERG. Directed by BYRON HASKIN

Released thru United Artists

"That's to remind you you're in a tough racket now." he said.

From the shock-packed pages of Roy Huggins' Saturday Evening Post serial story that electrified twelve million readers!

#### A makeup retouch technique that emphasizes skin lustre

HE honey blonde star in the powder room of the Stork Club was repairing her makeup after half an hour or so of the samba. I watched her technique with interest. A long pencil of color carefully replaced her lips and from a tiny vial she brushed on a clear liquid, parting them while it dried. That meant her rich curve of color would remain intact in spite of food, drink, cigarette or kiss. Another stick swept a shadow of mauve across her eyelids. From her bag she took a small linen paper tissue and pressed it lightly over her whole face. This is hot-weather magic, for the tissue absorbs oil and moisture without marring your makeup in the slightest. A small golden perfume flacon then flashed as a mist of perfume greeted hair, neck and arms. With an approving glance in the mirror, she swept from the refuge of the powder room to the lights, the stimulating crowd and music that make the Stork Club.

This retouch technique holds a beauty lesson for everyone. Furthermore, the



stick form of modern beauty is admirably adapted to bag or desk drawer without needless weight or clutter. And a little beauty mending in private means that you can long remain in public without frequent recourse to compact, mirror and lipstick. This public putting on of face is blacklisted by the boys. Timely, too, might be a tip for the girls about to take their first step careerward which is, fix up your face in private. Until you have proved your sterling worth, the Big Chief may take your prettying touches in his presence as a sign of giddiness instead of a well-meant but inept effort at grooming. In many years of lunching, and teaing with (Please turn to page 72)



All perfect makeup should result in a transparent, luminous effect. Notice the lustrous eyelids, lips and face planes of Ava Gardner in "The Great Sinner" with Gregory Peck.

## Take To The Sticks

Ideal American girl type, Laraine Day, has a soft beauty, appealing to all. You will next see Laraine in "Twilight," released by U. Artists.

## By Courtenay Marvin

Paramount's Rhonda Fleming, now with Bob Hope in "The Great Lover," is your modern, clear-cut type. This still remains an ideal beauty concept for America





The newlyweds with Aly's father, the Aga Khan, and his wife, Begum Aga Khan. Rita and Aly were wed in a civil ceremony performed by Mayor Paul Andre Derigon. Rita was clad in an ice blue crepe gown with black accessories.



Rita dining with Orson Welles before they came to the parting of the ways. Rita was first wed to Ed Judson.

Aly and his bride. The Prince gave Rita a 12 carat diamond ring. Her wedding ring is a plain gold band.







Dorothy Lamour congratulates Bucky Stein, one of the dwarfs in "Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs," a highlight of the show.

While his wife, Esther Williams, looks on, Ben Gage plays Edgar Bergen to an amused performer in the glittering "Ice Capades."



Ann Blyth and Roddy McDowall rate special attention during the "Ice Capades" when two members of the skating cast dip to a graceful finale before them. The ice carnival is an annual favorite of the stars.

At the Pan Pacific Auditorium, Eve Arden and Gertrude Niesen flank Bill Hawes, who's delighted with the arrangement. None of the star spectators at the Los Angeles opening of the "Ice Capades of 1949" enjoyed the lavish performance more than Mr. and Mrs.: Dan Duryea.







The J. Fred Henrys, feted at a Hollywood party, with Louella Parsons, Irene Dunne.

Barbara Bel Geddes greets J. Fred Henry, SCREENLAND'S publisher, at party for him.



## What Hollywood Itself Is

#### By Lynn Bowers

HEN the Fred Henrys (he's the publisher of SCREENLAND and SILVER SCREEN) paid Hollywood a short and busy visit we couldn't think of a better excuse to give a party. The Henrys obligingly squeezed some time from their crowded schedule to come and meet some of our favorite people—Irene Dunne, Louella Parsons, Betty

Hutton and Ted Briskin, Barbara Bel Geddes and Carl Schreuer. John and Marie Lund, Gertrude Niesen, Bob and Billie Dove Kenaston, Maggie Ettinger, Jack Briggs, Dorothy Manners and John Haskell, Florence Desmond, the Tex Rodens, Mr. Henry's brother John and his pretty wife, Jill, her niece Zoe Rosnas, and a coupla dozen more. The Henrys must have thought it was the Chamber of Commerce—what with everyone trying to persuade them to move to Hol-

Gertrude Niesen, hostess Harriet Parsons, Billie Dove Kenaston, John Lund and his wife, Marie, at party for the J. Fred Henrys.

At party honoring the J. Fred Henrys during their Hollywood visit, were Gertrude Niesen, Mr. Henry's brother John and his wife.







Montgomery Clift, of "The Heiress," shoptalks with Diana Lynn at a studio reception.

## Taking Wout

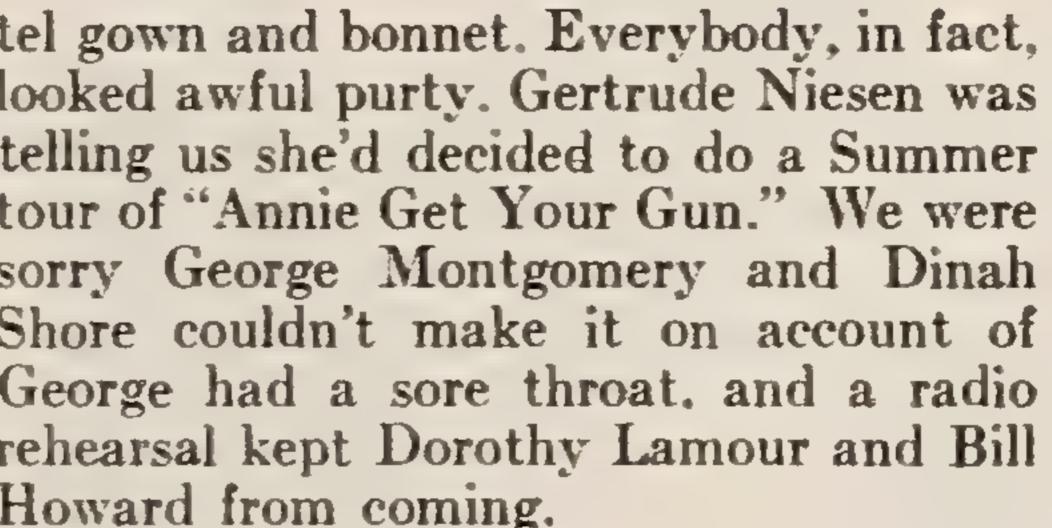
iywood. Good idea, too, they're very charming people.

Jack Briggs got lonesome for Ginger Rogers, vacationing in New York, so he telephoned her. Betty Hutton and Florence Desmond hadn't seen one another since they appeared at Palladium in London last Summer. Everyone was raving about how beautiful Betty looked in a black ankle-length sheer and a picture hat. Marie Lund looked like a very chic, modern Dresden figure in a dreamy pas-

tel gown and bonnet. Everybody, in fact, looked awful purty. Gertrude Niesen was telling us she'd decided to do a Summer tour of "Annie Get Your Gun." We were sorry George Montgomery and Dinah Shore couldn't make it on account of George had a sore throat, and a radio rehearsal kept Dorothy Lamour and Bill Howard from coming.

We couldn't have managed without Producer Harriet Parsons, who is as good a hostess as she is a producer, which is saying quite a lot.

We'd just returned from Detroit, where we went to pick up a new automobile. The only movie people we saw for two weeks were (Please turn to page 60)



Ginger Rogers, on vacation in New York, in Playwright Sidney King-







When Trigger's hoofprints were preserved for posterity in forecourt of the Chinese Theatre,

Dale Evans and Roy Rogers were right on hand to see that he made the very best impression.



## "I Like Everything About Women-Almost"

In "Framed," Janis Carter used all her wiles to lure Glenn Ford.

HERE comes a time in the life of all women when they must open their big, blue eyes and realize there are many things about them men do not like! Sad though this may be, it is still true.

Women are absolutely marvelous about doing tiny, little things that set men to grinding their teeth in their sleep, walking blindly down streets and shouting at their mothers-in-law. How the gentle and feminine sex can create such turbulence in the souls of strong and silent males often remains a mystery.

Not wanting any mysteries to exist in this age of reason and scientific analyzation of all problems, I turned to the first strong man I saw and begged him not to be so silent.

Now the man I picked is strong! He won the heart of America's favorite, fast footed dancer, Eleanor Powell, and he has made many an American girl forget the boy next door. Who else could he be but the cowboy booted, green-eyed Glenn Ford?

Yes, it was to Glenn I passed on the opportunity most men would fight for—the chance to speak his piece before his

Glenn Ford points out some irritating faults of the fairsex

By Florence Pritchett



With Adele Jergens. Says Glenn, "Actually, women in general are wonderful creatures."

that is wrong? Give us the golden word that we may mend our ways. Please.

teeth are ground to bits.

Glenn, straighten us out."

"Straighten out women!" he said in

"Tell us," I pleaded, "what do we do

"Straighten out women!" he said in amazement. "Gee whiz, Florence, I don't know anything about women!"

"You don't know anything about women?" I gasped. "Why, Glenn, I saw you with my own eyes on Fifth Avenue and you were surrounded by the dainty sex, all screaming and pushing to get nearer. On the screen I've seen you woo many of the fairer lasses of Hollywood, so you must have picked up a bit of vicarious information."

Shyly he shook his head and answered, "Well, all I do know is what I've observed. I can't judge by Eleanor for she is perfect. I'm on the spot because I like everything about women—almost.

"It's a problem," he continued, "to think of anything that irritates me. In Hollywood, women are so entirely different. The big stars of the film capital have not only won their lofty place on the ladder, but they've stayed there because of complete (Please turn to page 63)

Glenn chatting with Kay Medford, who appears in his current film, "Undercover Man."





Evelyn Keyes gives Glenn's tie the woman's touch between scenes of their latest film.







Director John Farrow, June Havoc, William Demarest and Film Editor Eda Warren enjoying a between-scenes gabfest during filming of Paramount's "Red, Hot And Blue."



Jane Nigh, Betty Hutton and June Havoc are showgirl roommates in "Red, Hot And Blue."

# It Took A Kicking By Robert Perkins "FAILURE," said June Havoc, "can often be the greatest success..." Paradoxical as that appears, it was emphatically true in June's case.

Producer Bob Fellows presented June with an orchid on her first day at Paramount.

Originally lured to Hollywood by RKO

as a comic and part-time willowy siren,

she was quickly typed as such. Since she

had considerably more on the ball than

her roles called for, she wasn't ecstati-

cally happy, was dropped as a failure.

It took plenty of subsequent dramatic



The failures she's endured have made June Havoc the real person she is today



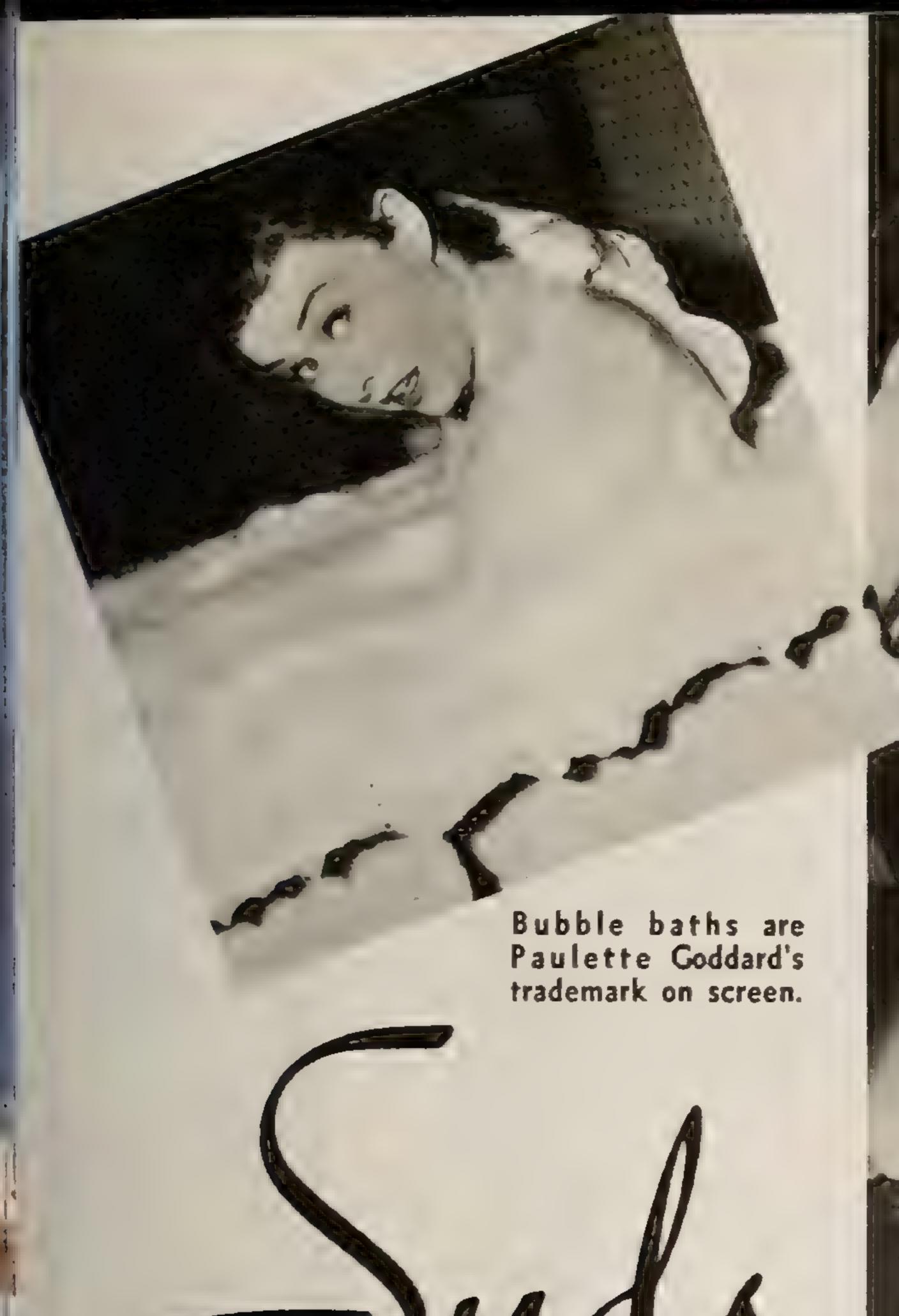
June Havoc and William Demarest in scene from "Red, Hot And Blue," her latest film.



June Havoc, William Talman, William Demarest and Betty Hutton welcome Adolph Zukor, chairman of the board for Paramount Pictures, on the "Red, Hot And Blue" set.







## Suds IS LIFE

PAULETTE GODDARD manages to make the taking of a bath more exciting than the final game of the World Series whether the ablutions take place in a jungle pool, rain barrel or plain old-fashioned porcelain tub. In Columbia's "Anna Lucasta," Paulette injects a bath into a hitherto sudsless script just after she returns to her impoverished mining town home. It's a long dusty trip from Brooklyn to Pennsylvania so what else could a travel begrimed Paulette do first but frolic in the foam? "Anna Lucasta" is the story of a disillusioned girl who finds happiness in a marriage arranged by her family solely to extort money from her husband.



"Bathing is not a private affair," declares Paulette, in the midst of her seventh screen bath. Although Anna Lucasta was a negro on Broadway, she's a Polish girl in the picture.

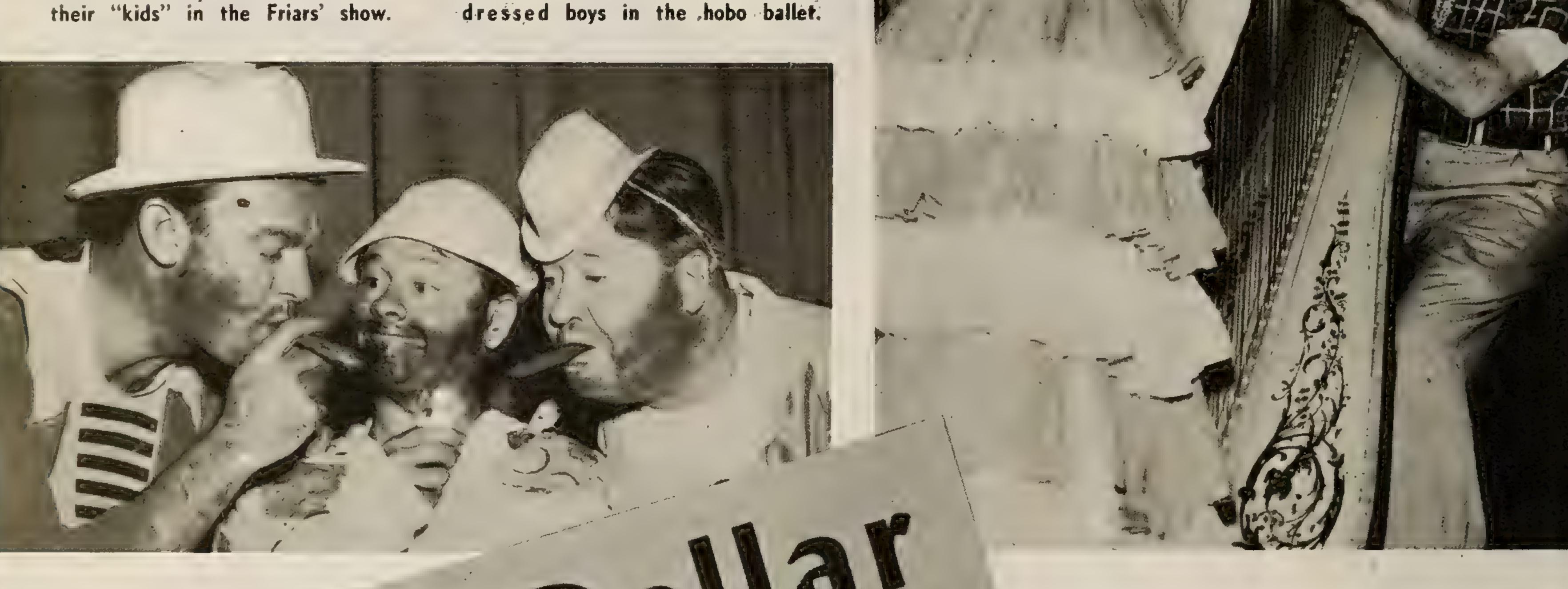
One of the reasons Paulette Goddard insists on tub scenes, such as this one in "Anna Lucasta," is because most of her fan mail is from men who enthusiastically endorse them.





Humphrey Bogart and Alan Ladd have some lively conversation about their "kids" in the Friars' show.

Dennis O'Keefe, Mickey Rooney and Jack Oakie were three of the best dressed boys in the hobo ballet.



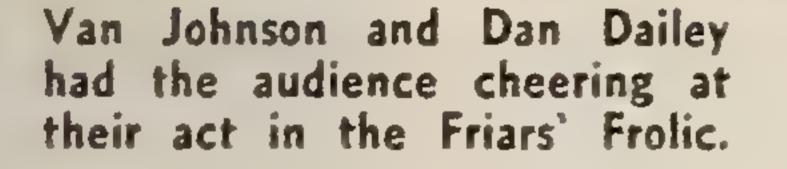
Million Dollar Million Show

"Trixie," who looks like another Andrews sister and is actually Gene. Kelly, flirts backstage with Harpo Marx, who's smitten.

Sir Charles Mendl, Hedda Hopper, Joan Fontaine and Arlene Dahl get caught in the crowd in the lobby of the Shrine Auditorium.

COUPLE of million dollars worth of talent went to work in the Shrine Auditorium when the Friars presented one of their famous Frolics for the benefit of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and put on a show that money couldn't buy. The choruses alone were worth the price of the \$100 seats. Benny and Hope and Bergen, Durante, Lou Holtz and Danny Thomas were all over the place; Tony Martin, Sinatra and Gordon MacRae sang their heads off. Humphrey Bogart, who teamed with Alan Ladd; Spencer Tracy and Harpo Marx were among the big names who floated around like confetti. From overture to finale, the Friars again proved that they're definitely in a class by themselves when they Frolic.





James Cagney, Ronald Reagan discuss the future with Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen.

Chorus men in the "This Is Our Night With Trixie" number are Pete Lawford, Ray Milland, Jim Stewart, Walter Pidgeon, Fred MacMurray, Van Johnson, George Murphy, Bob Taylor.







## Not The Siren She Seems

Just take a look into Gail Russell's clear blue eyes and you'll see fun and laughter shining back at you

By Reba and Bonnie Churchill





Gail Russell and Dennis O'Keefe are currently in "The Great Dan Patch."

Instead of being shy and serious, Gail is filled to the brim with zip and zest.

AIL RUSSELL is really amazing! Just when you think you've buttonholed her as a certain type—she does a complete about-face and reveals a new, sparkling personality.

There's none of that shy, silent, serious stuff about her. Unlike what you'd think from some of her screen roles, she's filled to the brim with zip and zest.

Just take a look into her clear blue eyes, and you'll discover a large helping of fun and laughter shining right back at you.

She's currently getting settled in her first bachelor girl apartment, located high on a hill overlooking UCLA. It's also near fraternity row. We discovered this from the whistle barrage that accompanied us up to Gail's door.

We'd no sooner knocked than Kelly, Gail's blond Cocker, was jumping up and down at our feet and barking a greeting. Gail, wearing a cocoa-brown skirt and white cable knit

sweater, told us to trip over Kelly and come on in.

Her apartment is colorful and friendly with forest green walls, vividly flowered drapes and comfortable bamboo furniture. It's a good example of Gail's artistry—since she decorated it herself.

She's done wonders with the one room that serves as combined living-dining and bedroom. There's a bamboo partition at one end. "That's my kitchen alcove," Gail explained. "Complete to running water and Bunsen burner."

"Bunsen burner?" we asked. "You (Please turn to page 51)

Unlike this love scene with Dennis O'Keefe, Gail Russell's personal new philosophy is, "Play it light." All Gail's roles have required her to learn something new, from feeding lambs to riding a horse









Above: Shelley pleads with Bill Powell to protect her from police.

Shelley Winters' voluptuous charms don't stir Bill one bit.



Shelley and Bill, stars of "Take One False Step."

Marsha Hunt, Bill Powell, Snelley Winters in film.

THE biggest error
William Powell makes
in "Take One False Step,"
is his decision to stop in
at a bar where Shelley
Winters is drinking. A
predatory blonde, Shelley
can't be brushed off. Because of her, Bill becomes
a murder suspect, gets
bitten by a rabid dog and
embroiled in so much
trouble he develops a lifelong hatred for both bars
and the blondes in them.



#### Being funny is a devilishly serious business to a frustrated surgeon like Danny Kaye

#### By William Lynch Vallee

UNNY, but being a comedian is serious. . .

Especially so for a top-ranking comic like Danny Kaye, who has to be spectacularly funny every time he appears before a movie camera or onstage—or else. Or else, it could be serious for Danny, his wife, Sylvia, and young Miss Dena Kaye.

Dead-serious as he is, though, where professional japery is concerned, Danny personally is a light-hearted cuss who's a riot with all and sundry—sundry being anyone from the doorman to (literally) the King Of England.

And—just to make this record pleasantly complicated—leave us tip you off that the guy has a serious personal side, a facet that few who've roared at his screen cavorting will believe exists.

It's a doubt harking back to the universal belief that a screen clown's life is a constant round of gags, day and night—Sundays included. The same theory that pesters screen villains like Edward G. Robinson, generally considered a fiendish wife-beater. And Edward G., a patron of the arts, actually toadies to the attractive (and unscarred) Mrs. Robinson.

A major deviation from the standard git-gat-giddle Kaye personality, is the man's frustrated ambition to be a doctor. This Kildare-Kaye haunts operating theatres, would rather hang out in one than in the stage kind. And he sits there, open-mouthed, fascinated. . . .

"I'm a fanatic about surgery," Danny says, rolling up his eyes, sighing like a

sick horse. "Did you know that a fundamental principle of the theatre also applies to medicine—surgery, in particular? As I diagnose it, there's a parallel in the fact that the theatre is always ready for an emergency. Even when a cast is letter-perfect, someone always goes up in their lines—or else, trips over a rug—opening night. Soooo, quick thinking is called for, to smooth over the slip

or the trip, right?

"Now, in the operating theatre," a Walter Mitty, wanted-in-surgery look stole over Danny's puss, his words even sounded muffled as though he were wearing an imaginary mask, "a simple appendectomy may turn out to be a tied-down appendectomy—oh yes, yes, indeed it can—and an emergency exists, calling for supreme surgical (Please turn to page 67)

The most important item in Danny Kaye's life is his daughter, Dena, with him on the "Happy Times" set. Oddly enough, Dena has never seen her poppa in the movies or on the stage.



## Danny Wanted To Be

Danny and the Hearn twins, Sam and Lou, play a violin solo together between scenes of "Happy Times." Fun aside, Danny takes his movie work very seriously.

"At last, a part I can sink my teeth into," quipped Danny about this "Happy Times" scene with Elsa Lanchester.









Laraine Day is tortured by Dane Clark's stolen kiss in "Twilight" because she knows they've no right to be lovers.

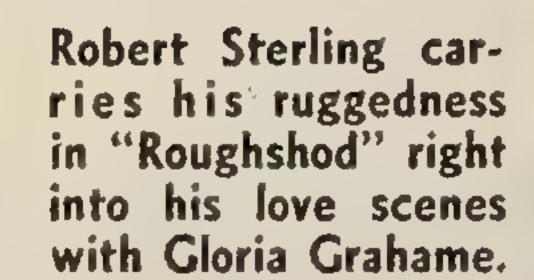


In "The Girl From Jones Beach," Dona Drake has to make all the advances to Eddie Bracken, who's not only unwilling but scared to death besides.

# You Don't Need Spring



"It Happens Every Spring," generally speaking, as well as to Ray Milland and co-star Jean Peters.





Joseph Cotten is a sophisticated lover in "Weep No More" who tells Valli he adores her by the eloquence of his eyes.





Dennis O'Keefe uses the lingering approach on Ruth Warrick in "The Great Dan Patch."

Blissful sweethearts are Valentina Cortese and Richard Conte in "Collision."

Lizabeth Scott gloats when she turns strong man Victor Mature weak in "Interference."







The best Calvet wine isn't half so heady as its provocative namesake, Corinne

# By Terri Lee Randall

HANK YOU, Paris, France, for the unexpected lend-lease dividend! Yes, thank you for Mlle. Corinne Calvet! Once you sent us Sarah Bernhardt; then you sent us Anna Held. Now, in this generation, you have given us Corinne.

And Corinne has a personality as sparkling, as warm, as "vivant" as the wine from which she chose her last name. It was cute the way she happened to pick the name Calvet. Corinne's real name is Dibos. She comes from a very fine, a very highly respected family in Paris. When Corinne was first signed for a film role in France, the part she was

Corinne Calvet's warmth is guaranteed to strike emotional sparks in this sequence from "Rope Of Sand" with Claude Rains.

The fire that's so visible in Corinne won the French fille her first role in pictures, but almost cost her a career in American films.

Corinne's beauty bears no trace now of the scars she suffered in an accident that climaxed her first miserable year in Hollywood







given to play was that of an artist's model.

"I was supposed to be a little naughty in a kind of—well, you know, like people think an artist's model is supposed to be," she said. "When my father found out what kind of a role I was playing, he forbade me to use the family name. He didn't mind my being an actress. In fact, that was quite all right with him. But he didn't think I should be an artist's model, even in make-believe. So I had to change my name."

Corinne had gone to Italy at the time to make the picture. One day, while having lunch with the director and some of the publicity men, she told them that she had to find a new name. Since the big publicity about the picture was going into the papers that very night, the new name had to be decided upon in a hurry. Different ones were suggested, but none of them seemed to suit her. She wanted to keep the name Corinne, so they tried to find a last name that blended with it. Then all at once she noticed the bottle of wine on the table. It was Calvet wine.

"Corinne Calvet," she said to herself. Then she said it out loud. Everyone

liked it. So, by the time Corinne Dibos had finished her luncheon, she had become Corinne Calvet.

Recently the studios here tried to change the spelling of Calvet. Too many people pronounced it as if it rhymed with "wet." So the spelling was changed to Calvay. But that didn't suit Corinne at all.

"I had too much trouble trying to write it with a 'y' ending. I think 'y' is

a depressing letter at the end of a word. It has a down mark, while the 't' swings up. And that is more uplifting. So—I'm back to writing it with 'et'."

This petite French Miss has a way of getting what she wants out of life.

"When you want something, you have to go after it," she says. And that is just what she does. She really goes after whatever it is she may want. In fact, that is how (Please turn to page 69)



Paul Henreid is only one of the men vying for Corinne Calvet in "Rope Of Sand."







Rudy, in "The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend" with Betty Grable, believes there's a relationship between motion picture and television camera work.

HOUGH a generation has gone by since he confided through the small end of a cheerleader megaphone that "my time is your time," Rudy Vallee is still the starry-eyed pioneer.

The 48-year-old armchair idol of yesteryear, as curly-haired and slim and boyish-looking as when he vocally symbolized the "vagabond lover," expects his time to be more than ever your time, say about 1952.

In three years he will be ready with the host of short subjects he is producing—and stacking away—for the television screen.

Rudy is in no hurry, he said, to bring his material or himself to the collective cyesights and eardrums of the nation's

# By Louis Reid

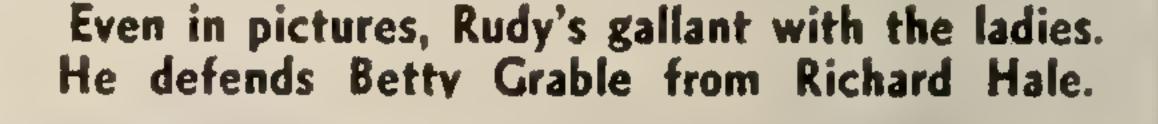
parlors. He will wait out the short period during which, he believes, TV will emerge completely from its experimental state. Television, the professional grown-up television of 1952, is definitely, unequivocally, the sweetheart of all his dreams. Not that he hasn't still a fond and discriminating eye for feminine beauty, and a heart that he declares is as responsive, sentimentally, as ever.

But since he dispensed with his band, with his rhythmic dance music, with the crooning of tender words into the microphones of a weekly radio program, Rudy

has developed a new career, new ambitions, has sought new worlds to explore. Having the money—"not too much, not anywhere near what people believe"—he is able to finance his ideas and take a gamble they are going to be what the public wants.

He has a complete set-up for the television screen on Hollywood's Santa Monica Boulevard. Called Vallee-Video, it is equipped with attractive modernistic offices, cutting rooms, projection room, dressing-rooms and a full sound stage of more than 5,000 square feet. On days when he is not working in pictures he may be found there with a technical expert or two adventuring in television. (Please turn to page 71)

In "The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend," Rudy and Emory Parnell, his father, protect Olga San Juan and Betty Grable from a band of hoodlums.



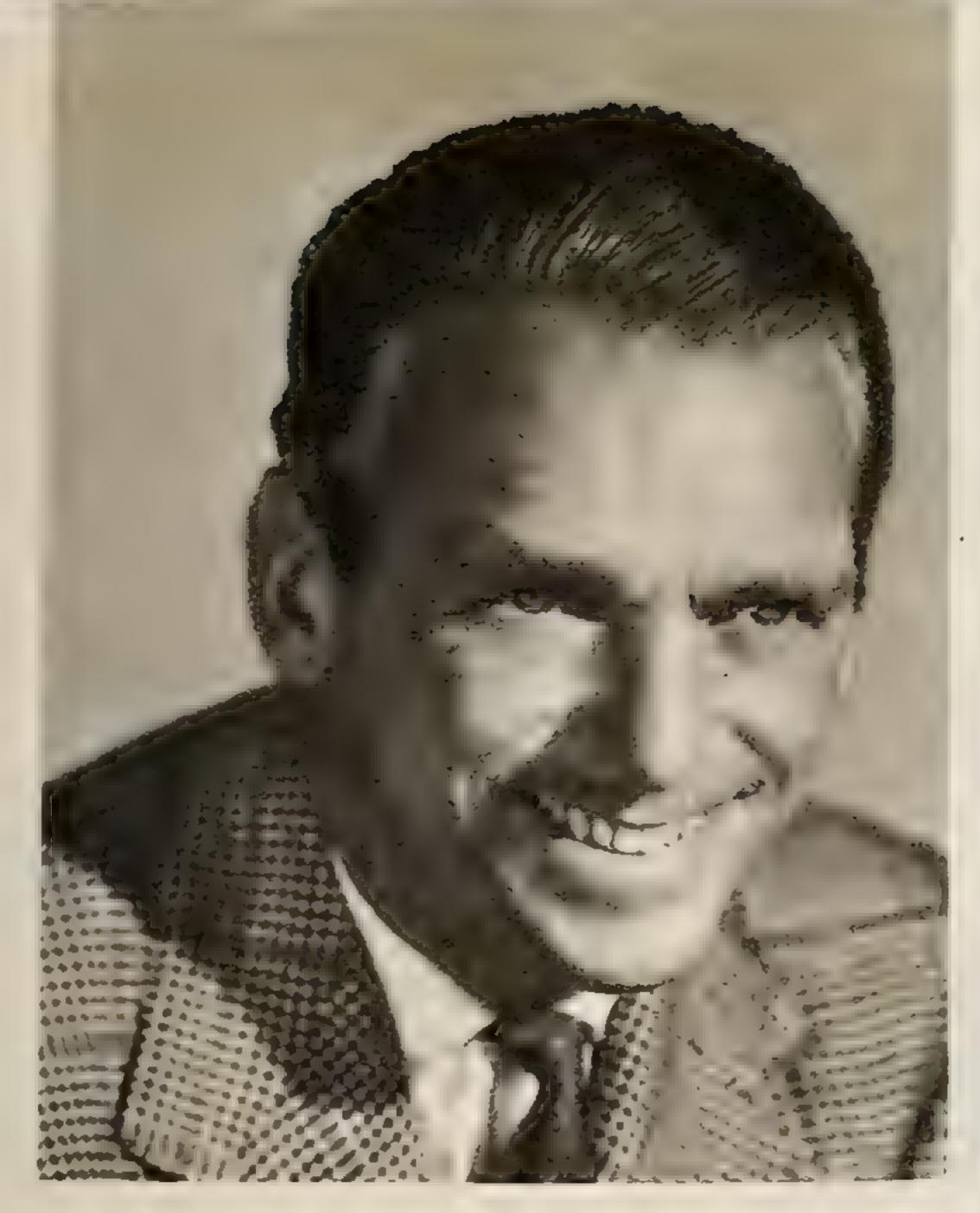




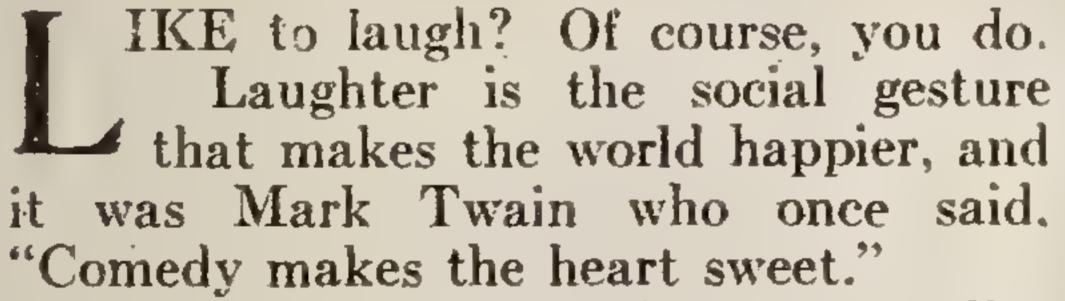


Ava Gardner looks so ethereal in "The Great Sinner," it's hard to believe Gregory Peck will remember her most for the trick she played on him during a scene in the film. By Maude Cheatham

ne sets at the studios are happy hunting ounds for spontaneous gags by the stars



The inveterate prankster, Doug Fairbanks, met his match in Betty Grable.



Nonsense is necessary in the art of living and the sets at the film studios where movies, dealing in exaggerated emotions, are being made, are happy hunting grounds for gags and fun. Spontaneous bursts of merriment incited by a gag or an amusing situation, frequently create scenes far funnier than publicized screen comedies. Directors seldom object to these interludes, knowing they clear the emotional atmosphere and result in better work.

Bing Crosby and Bob Hope head the class in clowning. Their escapades keep the film and radio worlds amused. On one of their golf tours they landed at Notre Dame the day of Bob's broadcast. Bing was not to appear but a few minutes before the end of the program, he came wandering onto the stage carrying a huge birthday cake with a hundred lighted candles. Bob was overwhelmed. He thought he'd kept his birthday a secret. The audience cheered. Bob tried



When Joan Crawford tossed a glass at Mike Curtiz, he retaliated with a gag.

studio for beard on, no commo the broadc as a barbe ready to o

Mischievous Claudette Colbert gave John Wayne a classic set of pictures.

to hand the cake back to Bing so he could complete the broadcast, but Bing refused it. Everyone on the stage declined the honor, so Bob, in feigned desperation, threw it smack into the audience—causing a near riot.

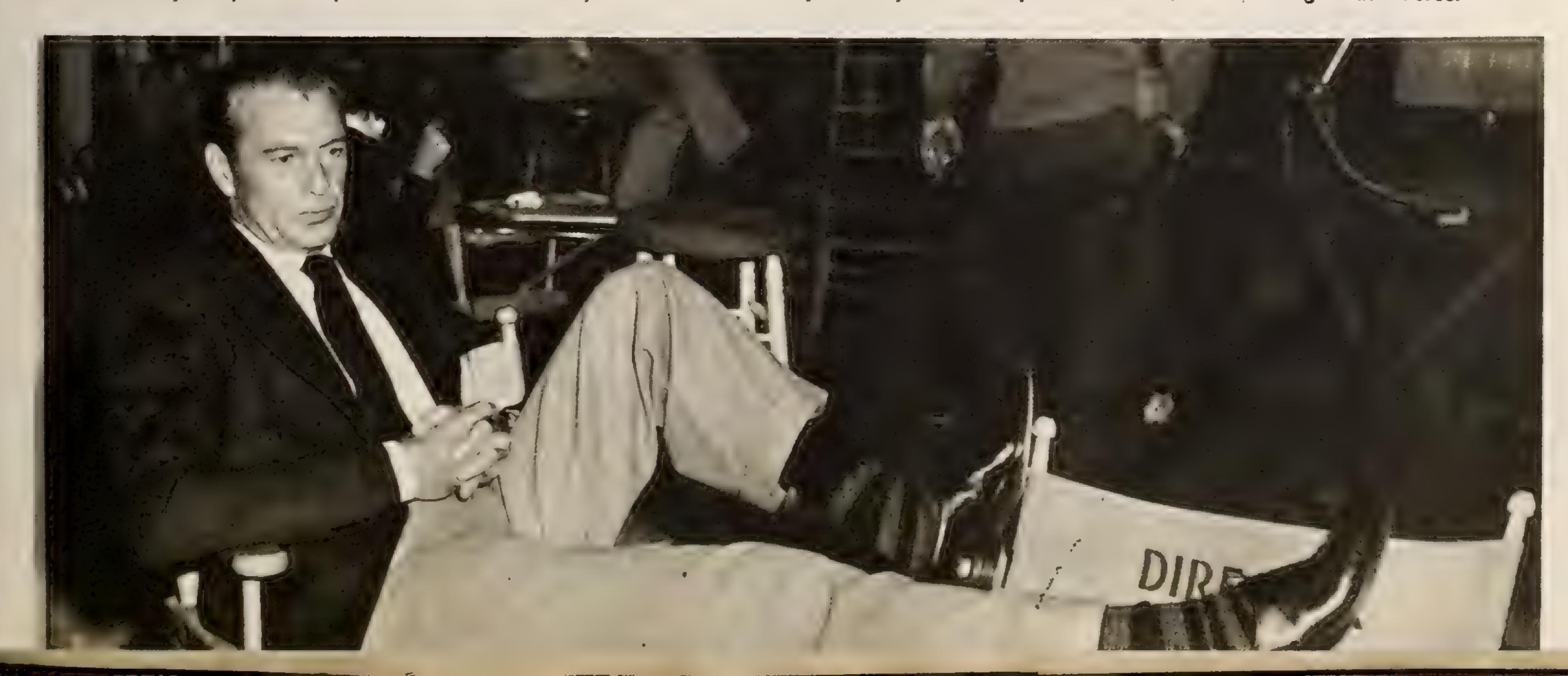
While making "The Princess And The Pirate," Bob wore a heavy beard in several scenes. One night, scheduled for a guest appearance on Charlie McCarthy's program and having to return to the

studio for more scenes later, he left the beard on. There were a few laughs but no commotion. At the final minutes of the broadcast, Bing appeared dressed up as a barber and carrying huge scissors ready to cut (*Please turn to page 58*)

Howard Duff's teasing almost caused a radio director to have heart failure.



Gary Cooper was up in the air in more ways than one over the joke Wayne Morris pulled on him while making "Task Force."





# A Mar?

With judgment and good taste, a business girl can dress as smartly as any of the stars

Men's-wear wool goes feminine in Jane Greer's high-waisted gray dress trimmed in black grosgrain.

but her appearance is always pleasantly correct.

working Girl, Star, Socialite . . . everyone should buy a planned wardrobe at the beginning of a season. Chart your clothes needs for the next six months. You may say to yourself, "I must have a couple of new cocktail dresses . . . so many day dresses . . . perhaps one new suit . . . so many pairs of shoes." Have your clothes plan in mind before you enter a shop. You must also work out your budget in advance so you know exactly what you can afford to pay for each thing needed.

Don't Be Discouraged by a budget. Every woman has one. The richer the woman, the more definite is the budget. It may be larger, but she is also more positive that she won't exceed it. A rich woman doesn't mind saying, "I can't afford that," and she expects to be completely satisfied with whatever she decides to buy. Mrs. New Money will go out and buy a mink coat, then worry

about what will happen the next month when the bills come in. The woman who is accustomed to money knows her budget so well, she will wait until she can afford the mink coat.

Take Your Time. If wealthy women buy with extreme care, the working girl should surely choose meticulously. Women now have the same buying habits they had in the '20s. Then, a lady in New York would step out of her Rolls Royce, enter Bergdorf Goodman and five hours later emerge with one \$125.00 dress that would be the best dress in New York. She might have been in a position to pay \$500.00 for it . . . but she wouldn't.

Learn Who You Are. Many girls don't know their own type. Every woman is an individual. What is becoming to one may not be to another. If you don't know what is right for you, go to the shop where you are best known where the sales personnel will understand your requirements and help you. You don't need a lot of clothes to be well-



dressed. But buy each item as carefully as if you were adding to a collection of jewels. Then, when you have your clothes assembled, choose all your accessories for the next six months. Most of the clothes a working girl wears should be basic, so that when worn with different gloves, shoes and hats, they become different costumes. Utilize your wardrobe as a man does. I have eight suits, every one of which I enjoy wearing. Very few men have an extensive array of suits, regardless of income. A well-dressed man doesn't think that way . . . and a business girl's mind should operate the same way.

It's A Wonderful Thing, this basic wardrobe planning, as you'll find if you try it this Fall. It simplifies everything. For example, a girl who was going to Europe came to me for her wardrobe. She wanted several print dresses which would have made accessories, in her case, not a money problem but a packing problem. When you travel in Europe, you can't have trunks, so I talked her into doing her entire wardrobe in gray. She took three gray suits, four gray dresses and one gray coat that blended beautifully with everything. I love prints, and I design my own, but you must be able to afford a lot of clothes to consider that luxury. If you can afford only one \$49.50 dress, don't buy a print.

There's A Great Difference between faddism and fashion. A fad may not be fashionable. If you don't know fashion, it's easy enough to be guided by such magazines as Town And Country, Harper's Bazaar or Vogue.

Many Wealthy Women in Hollywood who need an extensive wardrobe will buy two suits or dresses from my collection, then, perhaps two things from Irene and two from Adrian. Anything else they need is made by a dressmaker who comes to the house. They pay good money for material and find a good dressmaker. All my customers . . . women of taste . . . do that. They even buy one of my things and then have it copied in other colors. That always delights me. It proves that women consider my clothes an investment, which they are, for they never go out of style.

A Business Woman should never wear exaggerated clothes. Every woman, as a matter of fact, should avoid extremes, and remember that the figure and personality must remain the important part of her appearance. When a woman enters a room, the comment should be, "Doesn't Mary look pretty?" . . . not, "My God, that's Mary!" Never let any dress overpower your personality.

Good Lines, Good Fabrics, Graceful Movement are the things to look for. Every girl should sit in a dress before she buys it. She should consider how it



Charmingly feminine, yet correct for a business day, is this black wool and taffeta costume by Don Loper. Jane Greer tops it off with a white ermine beret by Rex, Inc.

looks when she walks . . . how it looks from the waist up, for that is all anyone will see when she is seated at a table. Unless you have an extensive wardrobe, stay away from clear, hard colors. And don't forget that you can never go wrong on black, for Summer or Winter, in California or New York.

Fall Fashions will have no changed silhouettes in my line. The coming seasons will see a great refinement in style. All the garishness of the past year and a half will disappear. Suit lengths will be about twelve inches, pencil slim. But length isn't too important. Just be sure that it is becoming, whether it is twelve or thirteen inches from the floor. Our cocktail dresses will be eight, ten or twelve inches, depending on the type of gown. There won't be any short evening dresses in my collection. I like to see the fabric of an evening gown just escape the floor. Most women like that, too. For one thing, it has more elegance than the

short dress and it is more practical than the trailing gown. The formal train is beautiful to behold but difficult to care for. There will be a tremendous return to elegant fabrics, and that means we will automatically strive for simplicity of line. Many of my Fall daytime dresses will be made of men's suitings, with a trim, slim skirt.

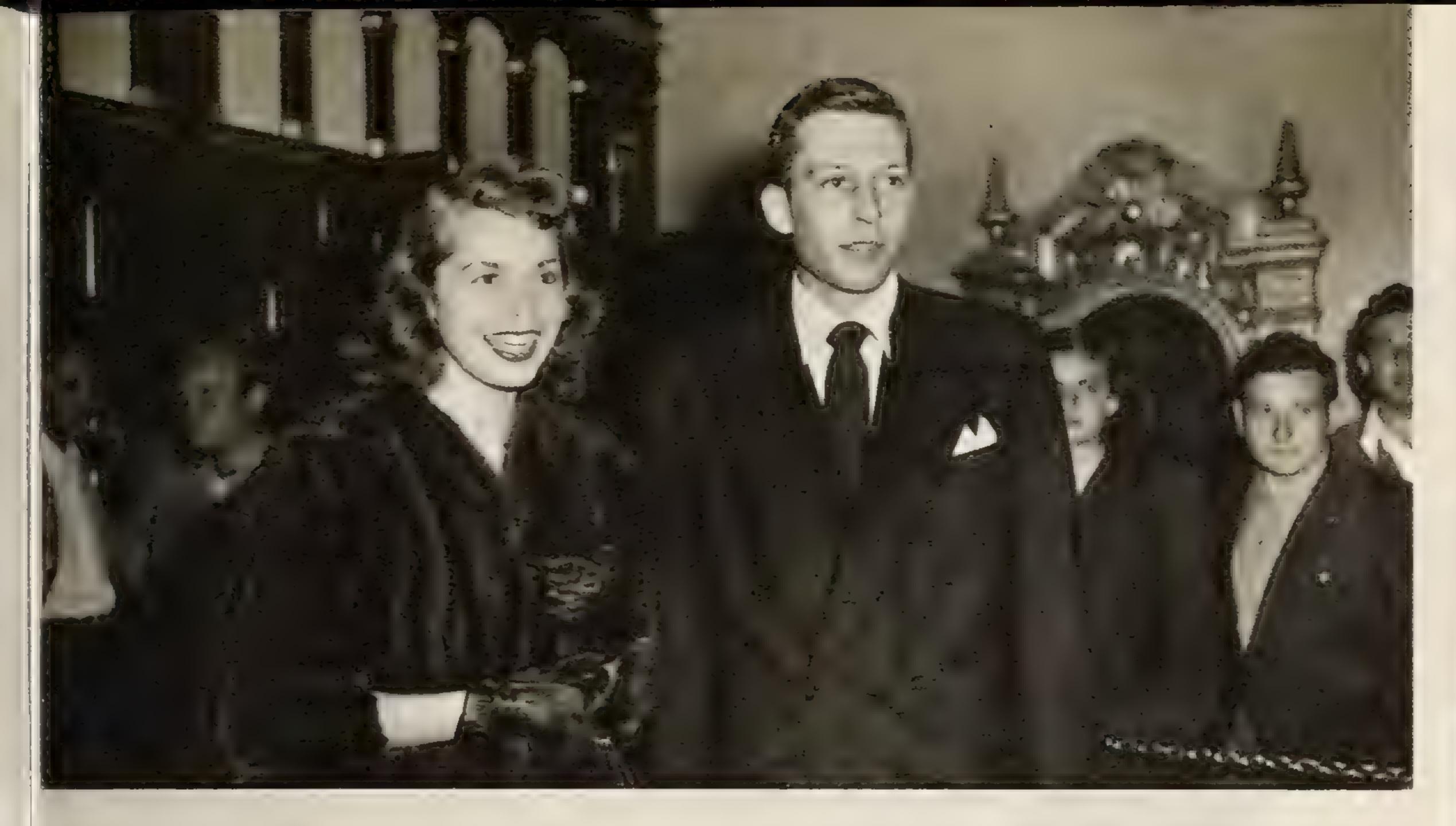
Elegance And Simplicity will be the keynote of my Fall fashions. Incidentally, the Duchess of Windsor is a great example of the elegant woman. You can never tell whether she changes her styles, they are all so very simple, and yet you know she spends lots of money on her clothes. In Hollywood, Claudette Colbert approaches that same manner of dressing, since she always wears what is exactly right for her, regardless of changing styles. You can look at Claudette's pictures taken years ago and, except for length, her clothes were as right for her then as her clothes are today. And, like the Duchess of Windsor, she never changes her hairstyle because she has found it is the best hairdress for her. Marlene Dietrich is another person who knows herself. She is the actress and dresses like an actress. She is marvelous for her type.

I Won't Let A Woman Buy Anything that isn't right for her. Not long ago an actress wanted to buy a handsome knitted dress in bright lipstick red. I wouldn't let her have it because the color wasn't right for her blonde hair. Nevertheless, the next time I saw her at a cocktail party, she had one like it from I. Magnin's.

Stars Are Difficult To Please, yet they are a pleasure to work with because they have knowing minds. Once they decide upon a thing, there is no more trouble. Greer Garson is wonderful. She gets so excited about her clothes. During fittings she makes everybody happy and in return gets the best possible service. Mary Benny can't be bothered with more than one fitting for the originals she buys.

They Are All Different. I dress June Allyson as I see her . . . a young girl who is almost a small boy type. Her day things must be very tailored and her evening gowns very simple. She must dress to her youth. If she wore sophisticated clothes she would look like a little girl parading in grown-up clothes. Judy Garland should wear things that are whimsical and piquant. Ava Gardner is the typical American beauty. In the daytime she is best in tailored or sports suits. From five o'clock on, and most certainly in the evening, she must wear very feminine things . . . as decollete as possible.

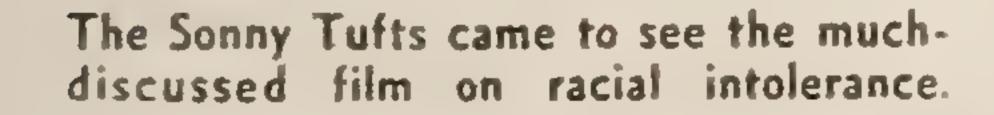
Every Girl Has. Two Personalities in clothes . . . daytime and evening. She (Please turn to page 51)

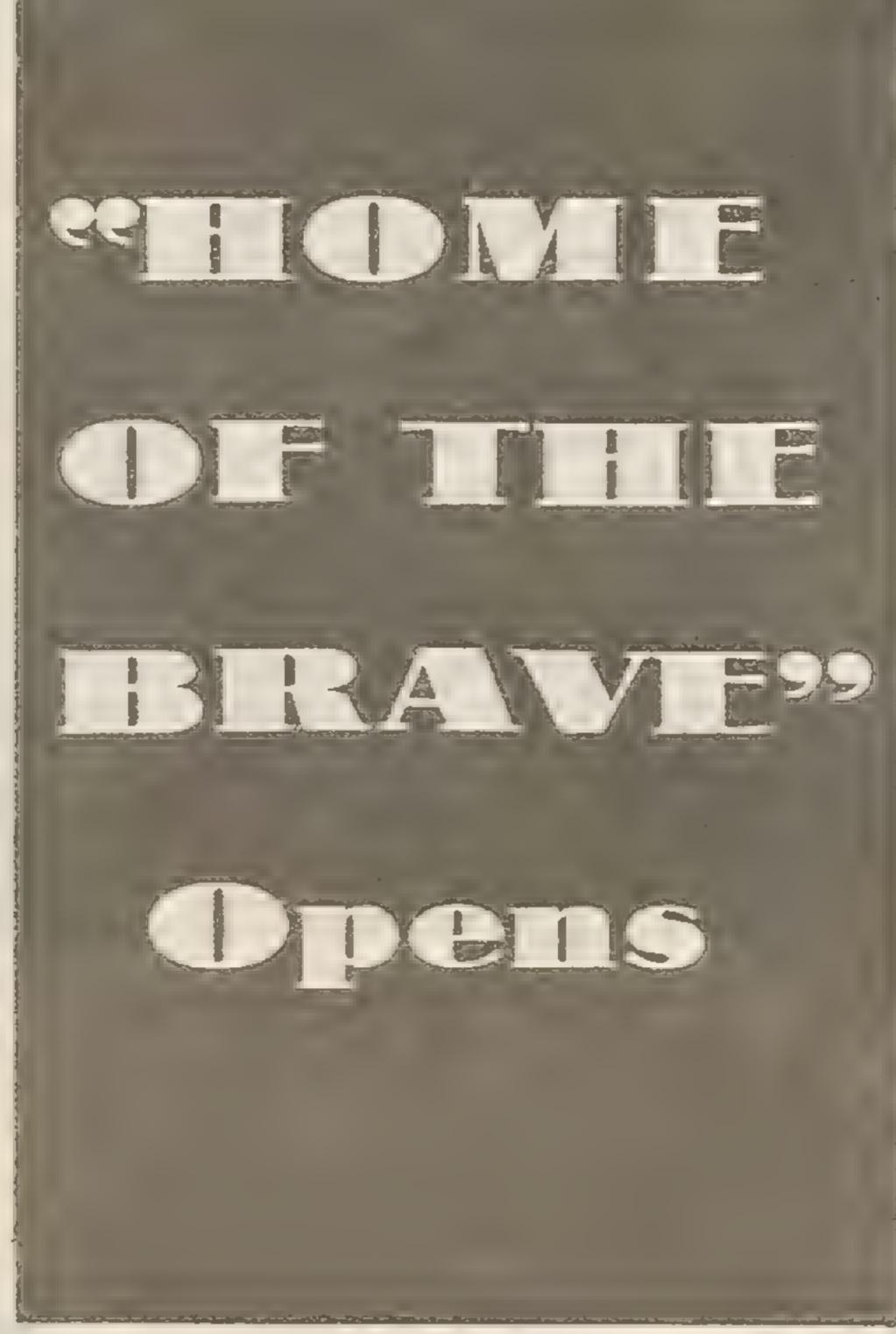


Starlet Janet Leigh, now appearing in MGM's "Forsyte Saga," arriving at Carthay Circle Theatre with Arthur Loew, Jr. for press preview of "Home Of The Brave."



Gary Cooper and his wife were among those invited to the press preview.





Robert Stack brought Irene Wrightsman to "Home Of The Brave" opening.





The Robert Prestons at the Carthay Circle Theatre for "Home Of The Brave" preview.



John Lindsay accepts a program as he and his wife, Diana Lynn, step into the lobby.

The Paul Henreids were among the scores of Hollywoodites at the unique showing.





# Not The Siren She Seems

Continued from page 33

mean like in chemistry?"

"Believe me, what I cook over that hotplate is pure experimental chem-

istry."

Across the room, blanketing an entire wall, is Gail's photograph gallery. Here she keeps rows of star autographed pictures.

"I've hammered them in so securely," she confessed, "that if I ever move I'll probably have to take the wall with me."

Moving day is still a vivid memory to Gail. Film assignments had kept her busy all week. So of necessity, unpacking had to be left until late Saturday night.

"I didn't know it at the time, but this particular Saturday happened to be initiation night at the fraternities."

Through the grapevine, "the row" had learned that someone new and glamourous had been added to the neighborhood, and decided to come calling immediately.

"Their timing was perfect. There I was on all fours hunting for a lost thumbtack, with my jeans rolled up, shirt tail out and hair gracefully hanging over my nose.

"Seeing the reception committee, I simply swallowed my embarrassment and introduced myself as 'Gravel Gertie.'"

This is one thing that the new Gail has learned. A laugh will minimize any situation. Guy Madison has helped her develop this new outlook. Guy's a firm believer in "Don't worry—keep busy." And that's just what Gail's done.

During the past two months she's traveled more than at any time since her arrival in Hollywood 12 years ago. So far, she's visited Arizona, Florida and Cuba.

Guy still kids her about what happened just as the Cuban-bound boat was about to leave shore. "A new bride and groom ran up the gangplank while their friends showered them with rice and a small band serenaded them from the dock with loud, gay tunes. Right in the midst of all this merry-making—with people congratulating the happy couple like mad—there I stood. Elbows perched on the railing and big, fat tears rolling down my cheeks!

"When we landed in Cuba, a guide, named Joe Tour, sashayed up to the gangplank and promptly latched on to us. He drove us down Havana's narrow cobblestone streets in a long, sleek limousine which had been 'the thing' about 20 years ago.

"We spent the whole day sightseeing and attended the big fiesta that night. The next morning at seven, I was startled out of my peaceful slumber by

the phone. It was Joe."

And then Gail, lapsing into one of her many accents, mimicked, "Miss Razzell, I have my bruther's car. I take you sightseeing for free—I thiiink."

Soon they were all dressed and in the car ready to see the beautiful countryside. "Just as we were sailing along enjoying the scenery, the engine suddenly

gave a grunt which simmered down to a wheeze and then stopped with a bucking cough."

The next forty-five minutes they spent pushing "the antique" up a hill. Then, they all jumped in and coasted the rest of the way down.

Like most tourists, Gail returned home loaded with maracas, Cuban drums, paintings and a hundred and one gifts for her friends. For there's one thing about Gail when she's pegged you as a pal, the sky's the limit.

She has a swell habit of sending presents—not for some special occasion but just to let you know she likes you. Recently, Gail overheard her friend, Marylou Van Ness (Paramount secretary), say that she was interested in hunting.

That was all Gail needed. In nothing flat, she'd called Guy, learned he was going to appear in a play at Phoenix, and talked him into a wee hunting expedition before opening night.

Right now, Gail's starting her second starring role with John Payne in Paramount's "Captain China," a Pine-Thomas production.

When we asked her if her schedule was still dotted with studio lessons, she shrugged, "No, guess they've given up teaching me. Probably figure I'm beyond help."

Just a look at her busy record proves this isn't the case. Gail's happy with the variety of films she's appeared in. They've all required her to master something new.

She's been called upon to do everything from feeding baby lambs, to learning to ride a bucking horse, to shooting from the hip without flinching.

"One of the items I haven't mastered in my movie education is how to swim."

Guy, however, is trying to remedy this situation with regular sessions at the beach. So far, Gail can just "dog paddle" about.

"I'm afraid the only swimming form I'll ever acquire is the one I put in my suit," punned Gail.

Aside from her new interest in sports, Gail has again taken up painting. She's quite handy with the brush and palette. Her current project is an oil of Betty Hutton's two youngsters.

But her painting isn't restricted to portraits. Once she gets a brush in her hand nothing is safe. She has painted her kitchen chairs twice and even adorned her bath with cartoon figures.

Humor, we learned, runs rampant in the Russell family. Whenever Gail and her brother, George, get together things begin to pop—they have identical funny bones. He's a member of "The Bachelors" singing trio, and always tries the group's new novelty tunes out on Gail. Their latest two are "A-peekin' and apaintin'" and "Shut My Mouth With Kisses"—which Gail proudly explained they've just waxed for MGM Records.

Gail's favorite type of entertaining is a record party—"and they're not all my brother's," she quickly added. The size of her apartment limits the number of guests.

Gail's usual, casual greeting goes something like this, "Take off your shoes, sit down on the floor, and drop any contributions you might have into the

piggie bank."

She's saving money in the king-sized porky for a trip to Honolulu. "If film commitments shelve this idea," shrugged Gail, "then I'll think of something else."

Here's an example of Gail's new philosophy. "Play it light. Don't make productions out of disappointments. Worry about it tomorrow—IF you can remember it."

If Gail isn't Honolulu-bound, she'll settle for a hunting trip with Guy.

So if one of these Summer days you glimpse two young people travelling down the highway in a bright yellow jeep, loaded to the bumpers with hunting paraphernalia, take another look.

If the girl's wearing rolled up jeans, a plaid shirt several sizes too big and a sunny contented smile—then, you can be sure it's Gail Russell.



Clark Gable poses for amateur photographer Frank Morgan during a lull in the making of MGM's "Any Number Can Play." Clark's a gambler in the film.



their products. We'll assume you're completely hep about LP and 45RM and want to know what's what in that department as well as regular 78RPM. Pass me that jewel tone needle, Mirandy!

## HEAVENLY!

South Pacific!! Last month we ranted and raved about the songs by everyone and his brother and sister! Now comes the parents themselves-Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza and the whole original cast—in an album, both regular and LP, that'll leave you gassed! Composer Richard Rodgers watched lovingly over the recording sessions and the album, exactly as done on stage, bubbles forth the World War II background story based on James Michener's Pulitzer Prize winning "Tales Of The South Pacific." 'Tis terrific to be specific! All the great songs you've been saturated with from every side by now plus all the others you only hear when you see the show—probably 6 years from now. And "if you'll excuse an expression I use," I'm in love with Mary Martin!!! Whatta darling, edible angel! Grab this album—it's a treasure! (Columbia Set MM 850-7 10-inch records; or one 12-inch LP-ML4180)

Mel Torme—The climate's delicate, the air most sweet, for the "Velvet Fog"



straddles your lucky ears with a couple of gorgeous sides. One is his own composition, "There Isn't Any Special Reason," just one of the many thrilling things young Melvin Howard gives you Torme poisoning with. We've been at many parties with Candy's boy—and the things he's written stamp him as one of our foremost future composers. Watch and see! On the flip—Mel uses that uncanny ear to uncover a beauty that's years old. From the Warner Bros. flicker, "Forty Second Street"—"You're Getting To Be A Habit With Me"—and watch everyone else record it now. What sustenance

this is for your hearing! Just beautiful! (Capitol)

"Baby It's Cold Outside"—Another placement, hole in one or home run as you will—for Frank Loesser, who did pretty well with those little black notes this year! One of the best novelties of the year by the kid who only wrote "Once In Love With Amy," "My Darlin" My Darlin'" and "Slow Boat To China," none of which were cream cheese. This clever cutie's from "Neptune's Daughter" (Frank and his wife used to sing it for friends at parties) and we have it in several different labels, madam. You may choose Esther Williams and Ricardo Montalban on MGM—right from the sound track; or Margaret Whiting and Johnny Mercer on Capitol; or Louis Jordan and Ella Fitzgerald on Decca; or Buddy Clark and Dinah Shore on Columbia. Interesting to compare the various performances, but we like Dinah's

# FRED ROBBINS Right of the Record

TYA Chum! Wher'ya from? Well don't be so glum 'Cause we're just starting to hum!

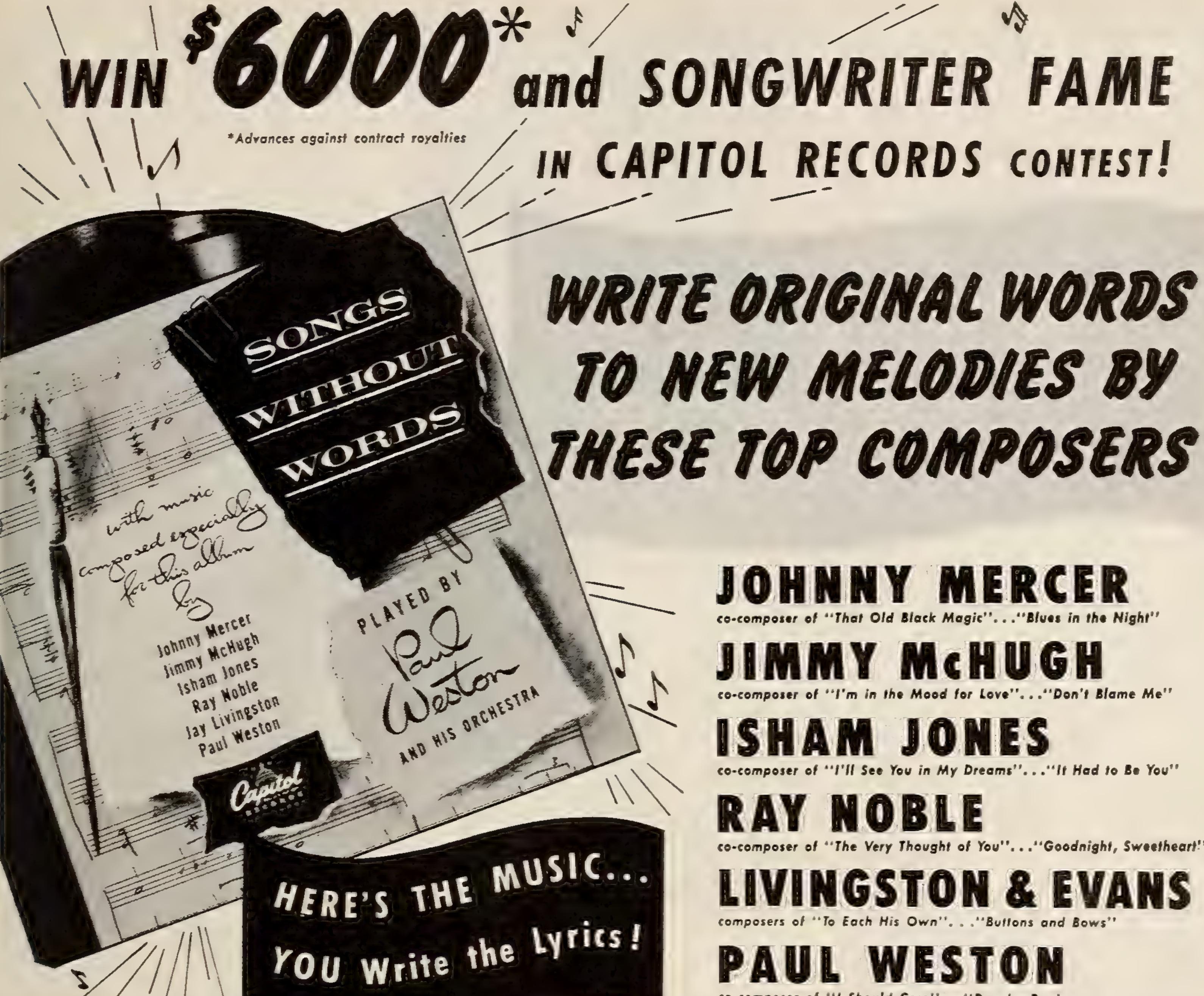
A ND when we say hum we don't mean at any special revolutionary speed either! 'Cause the biscuits come in all speeds and sizes these days, as you well know if you're keeping up with the wax world. Just like hydromatic, dynaflow, turbojet, supershift—so do the cookies go round and round, with the whole deal in your own lap to clasp to your ear or not as you will. The companies have gone all out to bare all about

"The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend's" Cesar Romero visits Fred's own jazz joint.

Freddie Robbins invites his radio show guest, Mel Torme, to "Velvet Fog" for the audience.

Bob Sterling and Mary Malone drop in for a visit at Freddie Robbins' Clique Club while in New York recently, Bob's currently starring in RKO's "Roughshod" with Gloria Grahame.





# THINK OF IT!

YOU... writing the words to the melodies of internationally famous composers who have made many thousands of dollars with their music. Here's what you may win: For each winning lyric, you will be offered a regular songwriter contract (SPA form) - and \$1000 cash advance against contract royalties. (Winning songs will be recorded by famed Capitol artists and sold nationally!) You stand to make many times more than \$1000, if the songs become hits. (Remember, it's possible for you to win more than one prize...even all six!)

PLUS the fact that as a co-writer with one of America's greatest popular composers you'll have made a big step to fame and fortune in a business where the rewards are great.

# DO THIS ... HOW!

- Capitol's new "Songs Without Words" album and Official Entry Blanks are available July 1, 1949, at your nearest record dealer.
- Write your own original lyrics to the melodies. All six are simple, singable tunes composed especially for this contest by the famous songwriters listed.
- Write lyrics for only one, or for all six songs. Each lyric will be judged on its individual merits.
- Be sure to submit each song-entry on a separate official "Songs Without Words" contest entry blank.
- All entries will be judged by the Contest Division of Reuben H. Donnelly Corp. in cooperation with the composers of the six melodies and two top lyric writers.

DON'T PUT IT OFF. GET STARTED TODAY. You have as good a chance as anyone to win this contest with a futurel For full details get your Official Entry Blank!

FIRST WITH THE HITS FROM HOLLYWOOD



# JOHNNY MERCER co-composer of "That Old Black Magic"..."Blues in the Night"

JIMMY MEHUGH co-composer of "I'm in the Mood for Love"..."Don't Blame Me"

ISHAM JONES

co-composer of "I'll See You in My Dreams"..." It Had to Be You"

co-composer of "The Very Thought of You"..."Goodnight, Sweetheart!"

LIVINGSTON & EVANS composers of "To Each His Own". . . "Buttons and Bows"

PAUL WESTON

co-composer of "I Should Care"..."Day by Day"

Hever Before Contest Like This!

Here's your big chance to "team up" with Hollywood's top tunesmiths... become a recognized songwriter. Hear the music...get your official "Songs Without Words" contest entry blanks today, at your favorite record store. NO FEE TO PAY!

# ATTENTION!

This contest-sponsored by CAPITOL, one of America's largest record producers—should not be confused with the dozens of "school offers" to make you "a songwriter overnight." Capitol expects to uncover new talent. Remember, it costs you nothing to enter!

> See Your Record Dealer Today!

and Buddy's best, so there! Try this with your boy friend or girl friend!

Frank Sinatra—Nancy's Daddy's in with he title deal from "It Happens Every Spring," in most engaging fashion. All about all the weird and wonderful things that happen when the sun crosses the vernal equinox. Back is where you get a little motion in your sacroiliac—"The Hucklebuck"—groovy novelty that T. D., B.G., Paul Williams—originally—and Roy Milton also cut. "Not now—I'll tell you when!" (Columbia)

Bing Crosby and Evelyn Knight—These rascals go together like French fries and ketchup on "Everywhere You Go" and "How It Lies"—powerful team that may be able to sell a few records together. Incident, Evie's done "A Wonderful Guy" and "Cock-Eyed Optimist" from guess where? And the owner of those Pittsburgh Pirates has a brace of fine slabs in "Riders In The Sky" and "Careless Hands"—"Riders" being a real hunk of unhackneyed Americana, Anna. Bing at his most! (Decca)

King Cole Trio-"A ride on the axis of the wheel of life to get the feel of life!" Just one great line from Billy Strayhorn's (Duke Ellington's arranger) smartly sophisticated slab of "Lush Life," which Nat does in his best Noel Coward fashion, with strings and stuff behind him. A wonderful thing-highly sophisticated but very effective and listenable. Different for Nathaniel but another example of versatile artistry. Flip is about the millions of Williams who want their Lillians—and is yelept, "Lillian." Chorus behind Nat another new thing. (Capitol)

Billy Eckstine—The savage sweetness of "Mr. B" oozes forth from his freshest slab, "A New Shade Of Blues" and "Night After Night"—just another hunk of fuel in the fire that's seething all around the Robert Soxers newest rave. Billy fractured everyone in his recent date at N. Y.'s Paramount—and this new cookie shows why. Just deserts to a great guy who's been around for years! (MGM)

Claude Thornhill—Nab the slabs in this fresh album of bewitching sound by "The Cloud," Mr. Thornhill—who's been dispensing nothing but for eras. There's "Autumn Nocturne," "I Don't Know Why," "Lullaby Of The Rain," "Sleepy Serenade," There's A Small Hotel," and "Where Or When"—all in the most dulcet, ethereal Thornhill tradition. Like pistachio ice cream! (Victor album P 243)

Harry James—More of those precious etchings of Jessie James' Daddy in one fresh album. Things you never could get till now—"Ain't Misbehavin'," "I'll Get By," "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "I'm Beginning To See The Light," "My Silent Love," "Strictly Instrumental," "Trumpet Rhapsody." Tonsils included are those of Dick Haymes,



Capitol's Gordon MacRae and lovely Lucille Norman on the "Railroad Hour."

other welcome reissue by Columbia—go grab it! (C 182)

# ALSO EARWORTHY!!

MAGGIE WHITING'S shellacking

that's blended and splendid of "Every Time I Meet You," from "The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend," and "It Happens Every Spring," from the flicker of the same handle—both by Joseph Myrow and Mack Gordon. Dreamy and creamy! (Capitol) . . . ELLA FITZ-GERALD'S "Lover's Gold"—first time for Miss Fitz with strings behind and it's so-o-o utter! Wondrous, too! Sorta like "Nature Boy." Gordie Jenkins is behind her. Ella's like a body by Fleetwood or a symphony by Brahms! (Decca) . . . HARRY JAMES' tale of the kid who lost his head in "Hatsville, U.S.A." at the corner of "69th and Main"—purred by Willie Smith and sparked by a leaping band! (Columbia) . . . GORDIE MACRAE AND JO STAFFORD'S "My One And Only Highland Fling" from "The Barkleys Of you-know-where" with Mac's scottish brogue just perf! They're great together! (Capitol) . . . FRED ASTAIRE'S "They Can't Take That Away From Me" and "You'd Be Hard To Replace" from the same celluloid and right off the sound track, Jack. That Astaire doesn't have to strop his insteps for this kid's dough! (MGM) . . . DORIS DAY'S "If I Could Be With You One Hour Tonight"—exquisite anguish—but till then these three minutes will help. (Columbia) . . : JOHNNY MERCER'S "Island Queen"—in the "Atcheson, Topeka And Sante Fe" tradition—only 'sabout a Mississippi River boat on a trip down the big creek. (Capitol)... And for smooth music don't miss a brace of Capitol albums: "Noel Coward"—with Georges Tzipine dispensing the bubbling wit and romance of the gifted English kid on "I'll Follow My Secret Heart," "I'll See You Again," "We Were Dancing," "Mad About The Boy," "Someday I'll Find You" and "Zigeuner." Tother is "A Symphonic Portrait Of Cole Porter"—with a fiftypiece gang under Guy Luypaerts' stick weaving thru "Night And Day," "I Get A Kick Out Of You" and other fine portions of the "Kiss Me Kate" guy. These ooos and ah-ah-ahs well on "Smiles" and Kitty Kallen and Buddy DiVito. An- are 12-inch cookies and delicious! . . . "Jolly Jo"—and everything is very bop-

HERB JEFFRIES' dynaflowish reissue of "Basin Street Blues" and "These Foolish Things" (Exclusive) . . . BILL LAWRENCE'S "A Million Miles Away" and "If I Could Be With You"-with more warmth creeping into young Wm's. work, and that's what he needs. (Victor) ... HILDEGARDE'S "It's A Big Wide Wonderful World''—perfect material for Hildy. (Decca) . . . BING AND PATTI ANDREWS tres cute on "Be Bop Spoken Here"—satire on the flatted 5th inspired by a New Yorker cartoon (Decca) . . . BILLY ECKSTINE'S "In The Still Of The Night," "Gloomy Sunday," "I Love The Loveliness Of You," and "Time On My Hands"—on the National label—made before Mr. B. crashed thru on MGM. More of that savage sweetness that will ignite you! (National) . . . IN THE LONGHAIR DEPT.—"Salome," the final scene from Richard Strauss' great music-drama, one of the most exciting and controversial episodes in dramatic literature—with the triumphant Ljuba Welitch—Fritz Reiner combination! Either two 12-inch cookies or a 10-inch LP record (Columbia MX 316 or ML 2048) . . . A GRIEG PROGRAM with Morton Gould conducting the Robin Hood Dell gang in a nicely spiced smorgasbord—stuff from "Peer Gynt Suite," "Lyric Suite," etc. Comes on 4 12-inch biscuits or one 10-inch LP (Columbia MM 824 or ML 2031) . . . MOZART CONCERTO #1 in B flat— Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony on both regular Victor Red Seal and the new 45 RPM . . . MOZART'S elegant and elaborate "Serenade #10" with the Boston Symphony and Serge Koussevitsky—also in regular or 45 RPM . . . and don't miss dropping that needle on SHOSTAKOVICH: Symphony 9—with EFREM KURTZ AND THE N. Y. Symphony. On Columbia LP one 12-incher; also JOSEPH SZGETI and MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI on violin and piano respectively (dare you to write that 100 times) on BEETHO-VEN'S SONATA No. 1 in D Major for Violin and Piano—also on LP. (ML 4133); or MUSIC OF TCHAIKOVSKY —conducted by Andre Kostelanetz on

## HOT!!

ML 4151—one fat LP cookie of the great

Russian's lush stuff . . .

DUKE ELLINGTON'S "Singing In The Rain" and "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," with Al Hibbler vibrating those tremulous membranes—and lotsa fine solos (Columbia) . . . CHARLEY VENTURA'S "Bop For The People"— "Body And Soul," using baritone sax with marshmallowy tone; and Roy Kral and Jackie Cain raising nice cain on "Whatta Ya Say We Go"—spilling catchy bop-vowels that'll make you howl! (Victor) . . . BENNY GOOD-MAN'S "Shishkabop"—number 2 in B. G.'s bop series—full of fertile ferocity. (Capitol) . . . JO STAFFORD'S on a bop kick with DAVE LAMBERT and a 12 voice choir behind her with the lollibop fillins that makes for a malted morsel indeed! Same kid that did all the hillbilly stuff has learned her ooo-ooopy and as tasty as a bopsicle! (Capitol)
... CHARLEY BARNETT'S got an airy new canary in his cage—Trudy Richards—who emits beautifully on her first two tallows—"Gloomy Sunday" and "Easy Livin'," and it's no mere coincidence these are Billie Holiday's babies—'cause Trudy's on that kick—and is that bad! "Be Bop Spoken Here"—with Davie Lambert and Buddy Stewart—is on back of one and "O'Henry" covers the other—with Bunny Briggs transfixing you like Ulysses was by the siren! (Capitol) . . .

# FROM THE MAN IN GRAY!

FLORENCE EDWARDS, Grand Ledge, Michigan—Dennis Morgan doesn't make records but Bob Mitchum did-the songs from "Rachel And The Stranger." He sings very well, too, has a rich, baritone larynx something like Bing's. It's in Decca album A 695 . . LUCILLE GRANET, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Jane Powell did some cookies for MGM records. Try your local jump dump . . . LOUISE CARTER, Paducah, Texas-Artie Shaw's doing concert work and writing books. Has no plans for another dance band—but may be looking for another wife. Are you interested? . . . DON ALEXANDER, ST. LOUIS, MO.—The opening music in "Cry Of The City" was probably original music especially for the film and like so much wonderful original material never gets recorded and dies with the film . . . TEDDY DAMBRO-SKI, KANSAS CITY, MO.—Betty Grable made a record with hubby Harry under the name of Ruth Haag—"You'll Never Know" . . . JOANNE MAR-QUETTE, PORTLAND, OREGON-Same deal. Whatever Margaret Lockwood played in "A Woman Surrenders" has gone with the film. Tragic—but we agree movie music should be recorded for permanent pleasure, as some scores are, of course, but not enough . . . ROSALIE NAVONE, GALLUP, NEW MEXICO -Bob Hannon made some records for Apollo. . . .

# BEST IN THE NEST

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MEL TORME—"You're Getting To Be A Habit" and "There Isn't Any Special Reason" (Capitol)

BUDDY CLARK AND DINAH SHORE; MARGARET WHITING AND JOHNNY MERCER—"Baby It's Cold Outside" (Columbia and Capitol)

FRANK SINATRA—"It Happens Every Spring" (Columbia)

NAT COLE—"Lush Life" (Capitol)
BILLY ECKSTINE—"A New Shade
Of Blues" (MGM)

GORDON MACRAE AND JO STAF-FORD—"My One And Only Highland Fling" (Capitol)

FRED ASTAIRE—"You'd Be Hard To Replace" (MGM)

JO STAFFORD AND DAVE LAM-BERT—"Jolly Jo" and "Smiles" (Capitol)

ELLA FITZGERALD—"Lover's Gold" (Decca)





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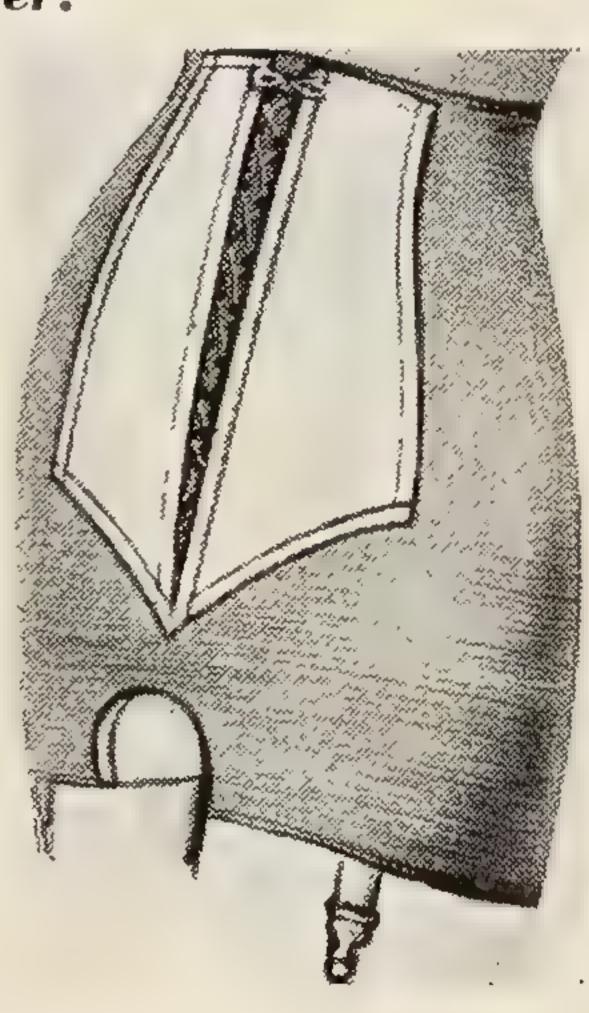
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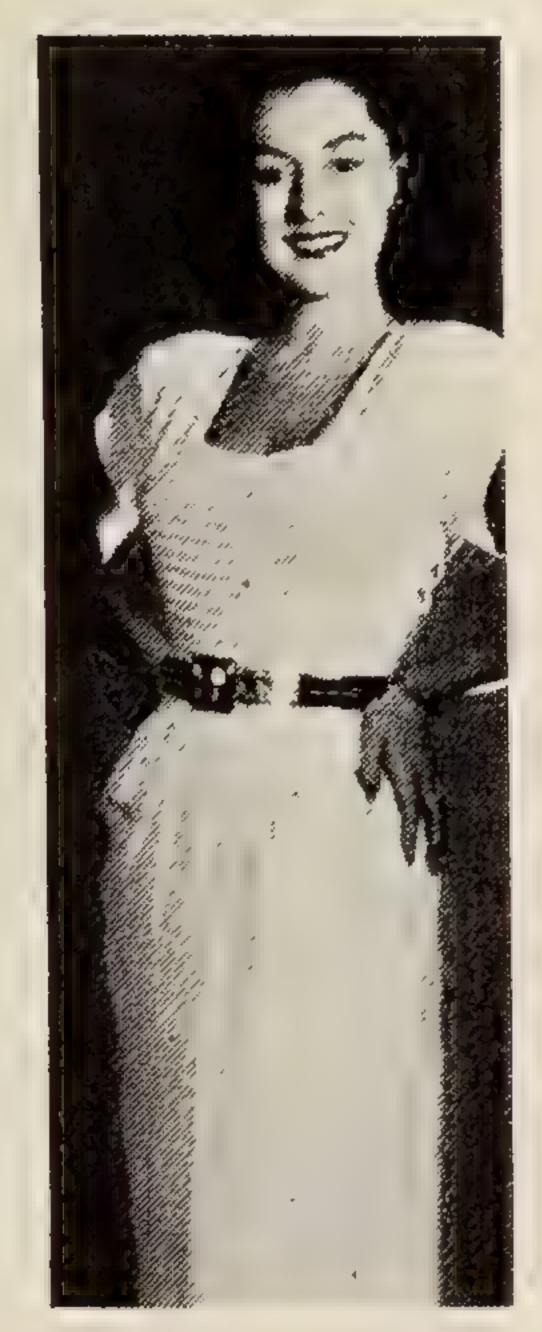
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For that enviable clear, transparent skin beauty, we say soap, water and a complexion brush! Here is the new Hughes face brush, with gentle nylon bristles and shaped to fit your hand, at \$1.50. In burgundy, sea green, clear lucite. There're bath and hand brushes, too.

Lady Esther's very new Complete Creme Make-Up does beautiful things for your face. Brush it on with fingertips, that's all. The result is a soft, young radiance in tone and finish. Impervious to swim or dip, too. Five glowing colors, \$.50\*. Matching colors in lipsticks, \$.50\*.

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# It's All In Fun Continued from page 45

Bob's beard. There was a comedy chase that was worth a special film, with Bob screaming, "Stay away, I don't want to look like you."

Joan Crawford and Director Michael Curtiz admire and like each other tremendously, but that doesn't keep them from having heated arguments. One morning while making "Flamingo Road," they clashed again and again, and just before noon, there was an especially hot scene with the exasperated Joan throwing a glass of water at Curtiz. She missed her aim, dousing one of the stand-ins which instead embarrassed her terribly, then still angry she marched to the Green Room for luncheon. In a few minutes a messenger brought her a festive package. Ribbons untied, there was a big white target with a picture of Curtiz in the middle. A note said, "Joan darling, this is sent with my love so you can practice 'shooting' me."

Director Jack Conway was showing Clark Gable and Lana Turner just how he wanted a certain scene played, acting it all out just as he used to when he was on the stage years ago. Clark disappeared for a few moments, then returned to ask the company to come over to the moviola—(a little projection machine used for film editing.) The machine started to grind and on the screen came "Her Indian Love," a wild and woolly classic of 25 years ago—Conway's first picture in which he played the hero. "I give up," yelled Conway. "Just stop that thing." Clark insists the director was subdued for the remainder of the day.

The long-time friendship of Ann Sheridan and Ida Lupino has been punctuated with gags. One day, Ida was in the gallery at Warners being photographed as a ballerina and going through strenuous poses. Ann dropped by to say hello, but found her friend too engrossed to even noticed she had entered. Looking around, Ann saw one of Ida's ballet costumes on the rack and quickly slipping out of her slacks she stepped into it. Being much larger than Ida, there were wide spaces of Ann where the costume should be, so she grabbed a bunch of huge safety pins and used them in conspicuous spots. To complete her ludicrous picture, Ann rolled her stockings below her knees. Then still wearing the slack shoes, she stepped beside Ida and struck a burlesque of Ida's ethereal pose. When the photographers caught sight of what was before them they shrieked with laughter. Annoyed by the interruption, Ida turned to see Annie still posing with mock seriousness, and she joined in the fun. But the girls forgot the picture was in the camera. It was developed and blown up, becoming the prize comic sensation of the studio.

During a pivotal scene in "Leave Her To Heaven," Cornel Wilde was told that after Gene Tierney's line of dialogue there would be a pause, followed later with a kiss. But instead of stopping when she said, "Darling, will you marry me?" Gene suddenly threw her arms around Cornel's neck and gave him an ardent, lingering kiss that nearly knocked him over. Everybody laughed, then the director explained, "We wanted you to register complete surprise. Believe me, you did!"

It took Joan Crawford to unseat Spencer Tracy who's proud of his ability as a horseman. The studio set was equipped to represent a rich man's gym and Joan was admiring the mechanical horse in one corner. "You know all about horses," said Joan, naively. "Tell me, Spence, how does this thing work?" Tracy strode over to the horse and mounted with a flourish, motioning Joan to turn the switch. One sudden jolt and Spence was sprawling on the floor, amid laughter from crewmen and technicians. Joan had turned the highly-geared machine on full force, making it impossible for anyone not sus-

While filming "The Hucksters," Adolphe Menjou spent two days doing a scene sitting at a conference table with his back to the cameras. The next day, Clark Gable brought him a handsomely wrapped gift. It was a suit made of exceptionally fine material and well-tailored—but without a front. Only a perfectly fitted back, nothing else.

pecting, to stay on.

A terrific gagster, Claudette Colbert is always thinking up something to add to the merriment. During filming of "Family Honeymoon," she did a lot of horseback riding while on location at Grand Canyon. With the help of the makeup man and photographer, she made a dozen still pictures doing everything contrary to the best equestrienne technique. She wore the wrong clothes, had stirrups at bad length, mounted on the wrong side. In fact, Claudette broke all rules of form and position, with as many awkward stunts as she could invent. It was a prize exhibition of poor horsemanship. Returning to Hollywood, she sent the pictures to John Wayne, begging him to give her a role in his next western. You could have heard John laugh a block away and he shows the pictures to everyone he meets.

Rosalind Russell's kidding with the assistant director during the filming of "The Velvet Touch" kept the cast in high spirits. Came a beautiful day and Rosalind wheedled the director into giving her the afternoon off, promising to be on the set bright and early next day. Reluctantly he changed his schedule but cautioned her to stay near a phone in case he needed her. As the director reached the set next morning he received a telegram from St. Louis, signed Rosalind, saying, "Having a wonderful time wish you were here." He blew up higher than a kite and just when he reached his most picturesque climax, she stepped on the stage, innocently asking, "Why all the excitement?"

In the Warner film, "Task Force," Gary Cooper has an accident, hurts his leg and lands in a hospital. Here the leg is put in a cast and hoisted high in the air. Now Gary kept complaining how hungry he was the day the scene was shot, because he had been late that morning and had skipped breakfast.





After the scene was made, Wayne Morris whispered to the director and luncheon was called. Nonchalantly, everyone quit the set leaving Gary still tied up in the cast. How this so-called silent star fumed and fussed and yelled for help! Fifteen minutes dragged by, then the company returned, gave him a laugh and let him down, all the time mimicking his fussing.

Before becoming engaged, Jeanette MacDonald invited Gene Raymond to dinner at her home and served a glorified version of eggplant. Now this is one thing Gene hates and never eats. But yearning to make an impression, he held his breath and swallowed it, then praised it to the skies. Thereafter, it was always included in the dinner menus until after he and Jeanette became engaged when he confessed his loathing. But Jeanette, carrying on the joke, sent Gene a case of choice eggplants all dolled up in fancy wrappings for his birthday. Gene scored a point, however, for he discovered all his friends shared his opinion of this delicacy and he couldn't give it away. So he gaily returned it to Jeanette—with his compliments.

Dorothy Lamour and Tyrone Power were making "Johnny Apollo" at 20th Century-Fox. The scene was a ballroom, festive with streamers and multicolored balloons.: Late in the afternoon, Dottie suddenly remembered she was due for a radio rehearsal in Hollywood and hastily changed her sequined gown to a street dress. She was late but hoped to take some shortcuts, but she hadn't reckoned on Ty's love of pranks. Her car was covered inside and out with balloons, dozens of them, tied to every possible spot. She didn't have time to remove them so jumped in and headed for town. "I must have been a sight," laughs Dorothy, "with colored balloons escaping all along Sunset Boulevard. But I got even with Tyrone the next day. I nailed his pet shoes to the dressing room floor and it took him nearly an hour to pry them loose without ruining them.

There's a scene in "The Great Sinner" where Gregory Peck is unconscious while the others move around him. It took an entire day to shoot the scene and while lying with closed eyes beneath hot lights, Greg dropped off to sleep. His co-star, Ava Gardner, discovering this, motioned to everyone to tip-toe outside and put out all the lights on the set. A moment later a painter with pail and brush aroused Greg saying, "Please, Mr. Peck, wouldn't you like to go home? It's midnight and I have work to do." Chagrined, Gregory scrambled to his feet as the jokers appeared with a big laugh.

Gene Tierney, for a scene with Tyrone Power in "That Wonderful Urge," had to hit Tyrone smack in the face with an ice cream cone. The first one was chocolate and Ty complained, "I don't like chocolate, can't we use vanilla?" Director Robert Sinclair patiently explained that chocolate showed up better on film.

So Gene took the mound again and pitched five cones at five different angles and each one blobbed in Power's face. It was a no-run, one-side hit game. "Nobody thought I could throw an ice much speculation and rumor as that

cream cone," explained Gene, "but I practiced on a bucket that stood in for Ty. Guess the Dodgers overlooked a good bet in me." Ty has another version, saying, "Gene should have been born 30 years earlier. What a sensation she would have been heaving custard pies in the Mack Sennett comedies."

Douglas Fairbanks always has a wired chair to tease the unsuspecting visitor. While making "The Lady In Ermine," he invited Betty Grable to his dressing room and courteously asked her to sit in a big chair while he took the one opposite. He touched a spring and Betty went whirling toward the ceiling at a frightening pace. But Betty is a gagster on her own and bided her time. Meeting Doug one day as he left the set she pointed out a new victim for his trick. Enthusiastic, he quickly invited the fellow to his dressing room, with Betty tagging along. But when the two men sat down, it was Doug who flew through the air as if on a flying trapeze. Betty had waited for a day when Doug was busy on the set and with two electricians had changed the springs from one chair to the other. This was once when Doug's famous wired chair gave him a dose of his own medicine.

Ronald Reagan carefully kept it a secret from his pals, Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan, that he was to wear kilts when he went to London to make "The Hasty Heart." But these inveterate pranksters ferreted it out. They had the prop department make a pair of short tin pants, which they presented as a going away gift, with the hope that they'd keep him warm under the giddy kilts.

Gloria Grahame had never met Robert Sterling until they started "Roughshod" at RKO studio. On the first day of shooting, Director Mark Robson introduced them and then promptly hustled them into their first scene. Now Gloria had some nice things she had planned to say to Bob but instead, the



Van Heflin dining with his brother, Martin, at the Stork in Manhattan.

next minute she was berating him like a fishwife and finally, slapped his face.

"I was so disturbed that I hit harder than necessary and raised a red mark on his face," bemoaned Gloria. "Bob never really forgave me until I explained what was wrong with me. Then we became good friends."

Then there is Howard Duff who almost caused a director to have heart failure during a radio rehearsal. The program, "The Phantom Pirate," opened up with the sound of air planes winging through the air, then landing safely. So Howard had a new record made with the plane landing in a horrible crash, with all the fearful noises attending such mishaps. As the director was taking his seat in the booth just before the show went on, Howard had this record run. It proved as sensational as the famous Orson Welles Mars Invasion.

Yes, it's all for fun. Perhaps the movies develop a keener edge to one's humor and comedy sense. Also, to an appreciation of their beneficial influence on life and living.

# What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

Continued from page 23

Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston, stirred up by Ingrid Bergman's Italian who took the same TWA Constellation we did to Chicago. They were on the first leg of their trip to London. They were either awful tired or had very clear consciences because both slept all the way to Chicago.

Coming back we stopped off at author John van Druten's desert ranch and heard the good news that he was writing the next Bing Crosby picture, "Famous," which Charles Brackett will produce. It's the Stephen Vincent Benet novel about a Broadway composer. I suspect it took all the considerable persuasiveness of Mr. Brackett to sell Mr. van Druten on scripting another movie—he's been off writing pictures for some time.

Not since Rita Hayworth took off on her European jaunt has there been so

junket to make a picture for the romantic director, Roberto Rosselini. Europe shore is attractive to those in—and out of love. Jennifer Jones fled to the continent to make up her mind about whether or not she was going to marry David Selznick and 20th has had its headaches trying to get Ty Power back to the Hollywoods to make a picture here.

We had a nice family afternoon when Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin brought their cute little daughters over for a visit. Lindsay and Candy were dressed alike in navy blue and white embroidered frocks their fond father brought from New York. Very high-fashion dresses, trimmed at the belts with single, fat strawberries. Betty was raving about what a great guy Fred Astaire is. She'd been rehearsing with him eight hours a day for the dance numbers they'll do in

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"Let's Dance." This picture follows hot on the heels of "Red, Hot And Blue," which Miss H. just finished.

CASTING AROUND: Come about now, August, Joan Fontaine starts her picture for Hal Wallis called "September," which will no doubt finish in October. And Van Johnson will go Western in his new MGMer "Outriders." Joan Evans and Farley Granger will be teamed again at Goldwyn's in "Beloved Over All." Joan's all recovered from that shooting accident on the feudin' picture, "Roseanna McCoy." Cary Grant, over his long spell of jaundice, and back to his natural color, so "I Was A Male War Bride" finally got finished. Dana Andrews was another casualty—had some mysterious virus that sent his temperature up to 104. Caught it while he was making Universal-International's "Sword In The Desert." Bette Davis, back from New York where her Sherry had quite a success with his art show, reported to Warners' for her first picture in over a year, "Beyond The Forest." The much discussed and long delayed "Mrs. Mike" finally got going with Evelyn Keyes in the top femme star spot opposite Dick Powell. The competition Evelyn had to buck to get the role was something.

Kirk Douglas, a very exhausted but happy young man, headed for a rest at Palm Springs when he returned from a jaunt around the country in connection with his big success picture, "Champion."

AROUND THE TOWN: Shopping in Westwood Village, we ran into Barbara Bel Geddes, her cute little sprout, Susan, and their miniature dachshund, Debbie. Susie soberly showed me all the loot she and her mom had bought—mostly for the young fry. Later we saw the handsome guy, Madison, touring around in his yellow convertible. Mark and Annelle Stevens were having Sunday dinner out at Scandia—he looks well and happy and is busy in his new picture, "Bandwagon." Irene Dunne and her Dr. Francis Griffin entertaining at Romanoff's, and at another table Louis Calhern with his bride made up a foursome with Peter Lawford and a new gal. Another attractive couple—Award winner Johnny Green and his wife, Bunny Waters. And it was generally assumed that Bob Stack and Irene Wrightsman were going steady until he appeared at Mocambo with Joan Caulfield.

At this pernt, things are pretty much up in the air with Rex Harrison. He's sort of indicated that he and Hollywood are through, yet there's talk he'll come back and make a picture. His wife, Lilli, made a short trip here to sell their Mandeville Canyon home, so probably if he does condescend to accept all that Hollywood picture money he'll stay here only for the duration of the picture.

Very impressive star turnout for the big Carthay Circle showing of that excellent picture, "Home Of The Brave." There was so much favorable talk about the picture that the town was scrapping to get ducats to the show. Around us

were the Dick Widmarks, the Zack Scotts, Ann Sothern, the Bob Prestons, Claire Trevor with her husband, Milton Bren, and the Bill Seiters. Mr. B. and Mrs. S. are producer and director of the movie, "Borderline," which will star Claire and Fred MacMurray. After the picture we ran into Don and Marion DeFore and had a chat. Marion looks about 18, in spite of the fact that she's the mother of three kids. Apparently her family doesn't keep her busy enough, so she's gone into a dress manufacturing enterprise.

We went to the preview with Florence Desmond, who's doing her first film role with Claudette Colbert in "Three Came Home." Desi raved and raved about what a swell trouper Claudette is in the picture, which is about life in a Jap prison camp. Desi was pleased that Director Jean Negulesco had sent her a large bouquet of flowers on her first day at work. This film, incidentally, brings Alan Marshall back to the screen, after an absence of several years. He's a swell actor and we'll be glad to see him plying his trade again.

We were sorry to miss the party given by Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond for Mme. Lotte Lehmann; also the one Paramount tossed for Gloria Swanson, both given while were were on our cross-country tour. But my spies tell me the fabulous Miss Swanson was the undisputed belle of the ball and that several hundred stars and press turned up for the big occasion, which was to welcome Gloria back to her home lot for the Brackett-Wilder picture, "Sunset Boulevard."

When the Bob O'Donnells (he's viceprez of Texas' Interstate Theatre chain) breezed into town recently we had fun with them at the Beverly Hills Hotel. We all met for cocktails in one of the hotel's beautiful bungalows, where Max and Anne Cohn were living during their stay here. (He's the owner of about a zillion New York theatres). We were surrounded by producers—Brynie Foy, Paul Short, who produced "Bad Boy," and Harriet Parsons. Red and Georgia Skelton were also in the gang. Red is mad about his new Polaroid Camera and was snapping everybody and handing them prints of the picture seconds later. This camera is really amazing—take the picture, allow sixty seconds, and zingo, there's your print. Red counts off the seconds with his right foot instead of a stop watch. Very clever, these redheads.

Much good-natured kidding goes on between George Jessel and veteran showman Sid Grauman, who is appearing in Mr. J.'s new picture, "Bandwagon." Seems Mr. Grauman and Mr. Jessel spent some of their younger years in Alaska trying to make their fortunes. Mr. G. had accumulated a couple of thousand bucks which Mr. J. took away from him in a poker game that went on while the boat was bringing them back to the States. Mr. Grauman, who works hard at running the Chinese Theatre, usually gets up at four p. m. and goes

to bed at four a. m. His life has been turned entirely around while he's playing himself in the picture.

Brian Donlevy, who swore off women when he and his wife, Marge, were divorced, held out for quite a spell but finally broke down when he met Audrey Totter. They've been doing the town and the rugged Brian has even hauled out his dinner clothes. Their first date was at the Friars' Frolic.

When Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bering and Mrs. James Hart, who play host to film and stage celebs at Chicago's Ambassador East, were in Hollywood, Margaret Ettinger returned some of their hospitality by giving them a large and very beautiful party. Mr. Bering's plane was grounded and he didn't make it until late. Betty Hutton, whose Ted had just flown to Chicago for a minor operation, was so lonesome without him that she went home early. Rosalind Courtright,

pretty wife of the Bevhills Hotel's man-

ager, Hernando Courtright, also had to bow out early—she was playing a singing engagement at Mocambo and a very successful one, we might add.

Sally Cobb, wife of the Brown Derby owner, Bob Cobb, had us fascinated with her original ideas about staging a fashion show on the Hollywood Stars' home baseball diamond (Bob also owns a healthy chunk of this ball team). Dorothy Lamour was listening to everybody telling her that her expected infant was going to be a girl this time. In the crowd were Van and Frances Heflin and she gets prettier every day, fashion designer Charles LeMaire and his chic wife, those amusing people Mike and Bess Curtiz, Louella and Harriet Parsons. It was fun to see Stu and June Erwin and Skeets and Pauline Gallagher and hear them talking about their teen-age kids.

It was a wonderful evening—maybe that's why we're a little beat at this point.

# "I Like Everything About Women-Almost"

Continued from page 24

simplicity. It's the little beginners, trying to act as if they're stars, who display
all the temperament. These embryo
Crawfords and Davises always arrive
late on the set. Their mannerisms are
cloaked in folderol and generally they
are snobbish. Most of these little ones
never learn and it's sad to see their mistakes."

"Is there anything you don't like about Hollywood women?" I asked.

"Nope," Glenn sighed, "but there is something about the town that annoys me. Namely the position men are relegated to in Hollywood. Men out there are merely nameless escorts. For example: Suzie Doakes is a famous screen personality. If she has a date to go to Ciro's, the table is reserved in her name, not the man's. Hollywood caters only to names and they have to be Hollywood names besides."

Glenn continued eating his eggs in silence so I pursued the subject of women further. "Glenn, how do you react to career women?" was my question.

"Fine," he answered, "unless they are super-ambitious. Driving ambition in most career women spoils everything. Those women are very aggressive and, as a result, are not feminine."

"Oh, then you like feminine women?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "Doesn't everybody? I think all men like sweetness and femininity in women if they are honest. I hate tough gals if they are obvious in their hardness.

"One thing I notice a great deal, Florence, is the way people act with movie stars. For some unknown reason, a stranger who has absolutely no conception of what makes me tick, will decide that I follow the Hollywood pattern. Sometimes I get the idea that they don't think the pattern is worth very much for most of the time their deportment and

conduct leaves a lot to be desired. I hate rudeness in both men and women.

"Here we are today having lunch in one of the better hotels in town. The people who patronize this place are supposed to be ladies and gentlemen, but did you hear the woman sitting next to us? She raised Cain with the waiter over nothing. That to my mind is an unforgiveable sin. Her point could have been won in gentle, softly spoken words just as efficiently. Maybe she feels she is impressing someone. My motto has always been, be nice to the little guy."

Glenn went even further. "While we're on the subject of women in restaurants, let me say once and for all that there is nothing worse than the woman who orders her meal when a man is present. Talk about irritating gestures. That's the height of bad manners."

While Glenn was talking his dual personality leaped into focus once again. On screen he is the epitome of sophisticated, male virility, yet off screen he is boyish to the nth degree. His face which turns up in all corners like a happy child is thrown off by his strange eyes. Maybe it's the weird, unearthly green color, but the eyes don't fit the face when you talk to him. Granted his personality goes hand in glove with his boyish look, for he seems to bubble with enthusiasm. Glenn admits to a moody, stewing type of nature despite his apparent interest about everything.

The intangible difference in his personality and character, this touch of Jeykll and Hyde, is confusing. You never quite know just who he is. Once someone said, "We are all three people. The person we think we are. The person the world thinks we are and the person we really are." In Glenn the division is noticeably present, but not so you can put your finger on it. But to get back to women and

Glenn.

# CAREER WOMAN Of the Month

by Selene Holzman



CLARA LANE

How often have you wondered what it'd be like to consult a social introduction agency—seriously, or out of sheer curiosity? The latter prompted me to visit the Friendship Center . . . and not only did I succeed in satisfying my editorial curiosity, but discovered a woman who well earns the title of "Career Woman of the Month." She's Clara Lane, director of Friendship Centers throughout the country.

In the course of my conversation with Miss Lane, I thought of my many unattached young and middle aged friends who somehow don't manage to meet enough people for the law of averages to bring about marriage . . . and yet they favor loneliness to what they consider the "embarrassment" of consulting an introduction center. Therein lies the irony of convention: dating a man one meets at a bus stop is passed off as "romantic" and the intelligent approach to meeting men via an expert on human relations is often called "undignified."

In meeting Miss Lane, I shed some of my deep-rooted ideas about introduction services, convinced that: cupid is not a plump little boy with an arrow, but a charming, intelligent woman with deep understanding of human relations—Clare Lane.

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"Women often argue as to whom they dress for, men or women. What do women wear that makes you wish you wore blinders? How about rolled stockings, Glenn? Most men edge on violence about them," I inquired.

"I don't object to them," he said, "if girls feel like rolling their own. Frankly,

I haven't seen many."
"How about peek-a-boo blouses, Glenn."

Any opinions?"

tor's plush horse.

"What on earth is one?" he asked in utter consternation.

"A sheer blouse you can see through," I explained.

"Oh! OH! Why, I think they're fascinating," he laughed. "Truthfully, on the subject of women's clothes I think the most disagreeable point is a lack of fastidiousness or cleanliness. Over-dressing is another point not so pleasing to the eye, at least to my eye. Too many women cover themselves from head to hand with jewelry when a simple frock will do it. They end up looking like Mrs. As-

"New York women are a fine example of how to dress correctly and smartly. Hollywood, whose inhabitants over-dress at all times, could learn a lot from New York. Out there the emphasis is how much can be worn at one time."

Glenn paused and looked at me with an expression that seemed to beg, "you don't want to know anything more do you?" but I showed him no mercy. "Tell us some more of our provoking habits," I cried.

Looking more like the reluctant dragon than a movie actor he said, "Actually women in general are wonderful creatures. No man can criticize them. When he does he is in a tough spot and he deserves to be there for having dared to raise a critical voice. The irritants I have mentioned are the kind you must think back over to remember. None of them, Florence, are an obsession with me and I hope all the lovely creatures reading this article understand that. I don't live by these peeves of mine, nor do I grind my teeth and wring my hands as they occur. I just wish they weren't in evidence for they are disadvantages to the attractive woman.

"I'll admit though, that I hate intolerant women—women who won't accept a situation for what it is. Women who whine are enough to drive a man to desperate deeds."

"Would you admire a woman who is the life of the party?" I asked.

"If she is having fun and is happy," Glenn said. "I like to see anyone having a good time but I disapprove of women gaining the center of the stage by telling off-color stories or drinking too much. Nobody really admires this type of woman though they may laugh at her. Personally, I hate loudness of any kind in a woman.

"As you know," Glenn continued, "I have a reputation of being very quiet. It's not so much that I am quiet, but I sit and watch and don't have much to say. I get more fun out of watching and it's a sure way to size up people."

The dining room emptied out as the hours slipped by whilst I tried to give Glenn the third degree concerning the

weaker sex. I asked, "Anything more, Glenn?"

"Absolutely nothing," he stated very conclusively. "You have my complete list. Everything else that woman does fills my heart with joy," he added with a smile.

"Good," I nodded. "Then we can talk about you for a minute. Do you like being a movie star?"

"Like it?" was his incredulous answer. "Of course I do! It's fun! It's interesting! Where else could you meet all the people and do the variety of things I have done? In the last ten years I have done more than most men accomplish in two life times only because I am a movie star."

Gently pounding the table with his fist and shaking his head in wonderment, Glenn whispered, "Do you realize how lucky someone like me is? Let's be really honest, Florence. Actors are usually trying to impress people with their cynical attitudes, but I won't even pretend to do so.

"At first I hated actors because I got my start being a stage manager. That's like being a house mother, guardian angel and a shepherd to dozens of things known as actors and actresses. Every day I had to tear up four long flights of stairs because some boob forgot his coat five minutes before curtain. They drove me nuts! I used to stand in the wings watching these actor guys and say to myself, 'The money you all get while I work like a nursemaid for half the salary!' So what happened? One day I got wise to myself and decided to do it, too. Ever since I have been acting.

"Of course, I am a terrific pessimist about my work. I'm what you might call a chronic worrier and I have yet to come home from the studio and not want to go back and do a day's work all over again."

"That's why you are a star and not a bit player," I remarked.

"Well, you have to work at it every minute," Glenn insisted. "I love to hear the extras saying, 'Oh, Glenn, he can take it easy, smoke a pipe, read a book, or take a nap.' I laugh to myself when I hear them and think, 'Boy! If they only knew'."

Glenn sat musing in his chair, unconsciously building a perfect mound in the sugar bowl with his spoon. "If you had two wishes, what would they be?" I questioned.

"The obvious thing," he replied. "The obvious wish for a man with a son is to have health and happiness. My other wish would be for peace indirectly for my family so we could have a little world all our own. In a way I would be afraid to wish for the latter because I have been so lucky that I have everything a man could wish for in life. Wishing for material things such as a new car or a mink coat is a bad wish I think. Health is so much more important. Put my wishes in order and you'll find health heading the list with wealth way down at the bottom.

"Wish for those you love," Glenn remarked, "and you cannot help getting

the wishes yourself. You remember the old joke with the wishbone of the chicken and how all the children would fight to get it? Well, even as a child, I figured out that if you wished the

other person got his wish, you couldn't

With such a philosophy, I thought to myself, you can't help but win, Glenn Ford.

# It Took A Kicking Around

Continued from page 27

then sat back, beaming with feminine (canine) charm.

One of the dreamy things about June is the simple fact that she's an actress. Not a society girl toying with histrionics. Not a college gal finding expression via the arts. Not a housewife stealing time from the baking of a pie to do a scene from "Camille." This one, pals, is an actress—it's her whole-time job . . .

June acts all over the jernt—she can no more help it than she can help breathing. Yet withal, she's completely natural and thoroughly honest. The Havoc voice is well trained and is soothing to the ear. She made it good drama even when she said nothing more important than: "This old umbrella came from the Actors' Thrift Shop, on West 44th, opposite the Belasco Theatre. My pet theatre, incidentally, with its chandeliers studded with glass that looks like jewels—every theatre should look like the Belasco. That Suzetta!" June said, suddenly, "is absolutely unpredictable, I warn you. Right now she's in your lap looking up at you with loooove in her eyes but in ten minutes she may say horrible things to you. Where was I? Oh yes, the thrift place does a great deal of good. If an actor needs clothes for an audition and he can prove he's stonybroke, they give him the duds for free."

The question of food came up, a menu was sent for and roast pork with red cabbage (in mid-afternoon) won.

"I have always suspected," June said, eyeing a forkful of lethal red cabbage with deep suspicion, "that RKO—whom I love—considered my face sad but funny. Me, who isn't really a ha-ha actress.

"Let me go back a bit," she continued, "along the lines of failure turning into success. At one time I was a model but I was always clowning, never amounted to anything as a mannequin. I desperately wanted to make the chorus line in several shows but no soap, I wasn't good enough. Now I realize that if I'd made the grade that way, I'd never have become an actress. Certainly I can sing and dance, but if I stop a show (and she usually does), it's not because of my high C or time-step, it's simply that I've shown them that I can act. I'm a very shy person and I make jokes as part of a defense mechanism. Which, naturally, makes most people think I'm all ha-ha girl.

"Anyway, after RKO bounced me, Mike Todd brought me back to New York to play opposite Bobby Clark in 'Mexican Hayride.' It was a hit—so were we all. I didn't sing or dance too well but I used to stand in the wings and listen to the applause when I'd stopped

the show and wonder why—why? I was usually in a mood to take poison but instead I had to make a little curtain speech saying thanks."

During the run of "Mexican Hayride,"
June broke her leg and was popped into
a plaster cast—it was a very hot August.
"The doctors said I'd be laid up for
six months," she says, "but I was out in
four weeks and on my way to Hollywood to make a movie."

Lawrence Langer and Director Rouben Mamoulian of the Theatre Guild had called on her while she was still in the hospital. They had just dropped by for a social call but Mamoulian was later to wire June when Ethel Merman left the Broadway "Sadie Thompson," asking Suzetta's chum to rush East to replace Miss Merman.

"I had to learn the role," June says, "almost on my way to the airport—80 sides, seven songs and three ballets! And I got good notices, notices I lugged around to show everyone I met. True, I'd broken with the Sadie tradition of fancy shoes with white tops (June wore red ones), but aside from that quibble, the critics approved of me. And though I did some dancing and singing, it was mainly acting that they liked, so I was quite happy!"

When the play closed, June suffered a nervous breakdown. She recuperated in a Florida hospital and was thrilled when director-writer Edmund Goulding called, said he'd heard on reliable authority that she was an able dramatic actress. He was writing a play, would she care to star in it? When the play was ready (in six months), she'd hear from him. This was precisely what the doctor had ordered . . .

While she was waiting, and after she'd regained her health, June found that she still had the eating habit. So she whipped up a vaudeville act (she'd been raised backstage—did you know?) and booked it into the Capitol Theatre on Broadway. Damon Runyon caught her act and pronounced her the greatest dramatic actress in the world—said so in print.

"I bought 12 copies of his column," June admits, "and finally pasted one on a card so it wouldn't wear out in my bag. He predicted a big future for me as a serious actress and lamented the fact that I was a slave to eating and, because of that, had to do vaudeville."

Goulding's play went into rehearsal, opened, and June fulfilled Runyon's predictions. It was an overwhelming artistic success but a financial failure—a gratifying state of affairs but starvation for eating actresses.

"My next was 'Dunnigan's Daughter,' with Dick Widmark, for the Theatre

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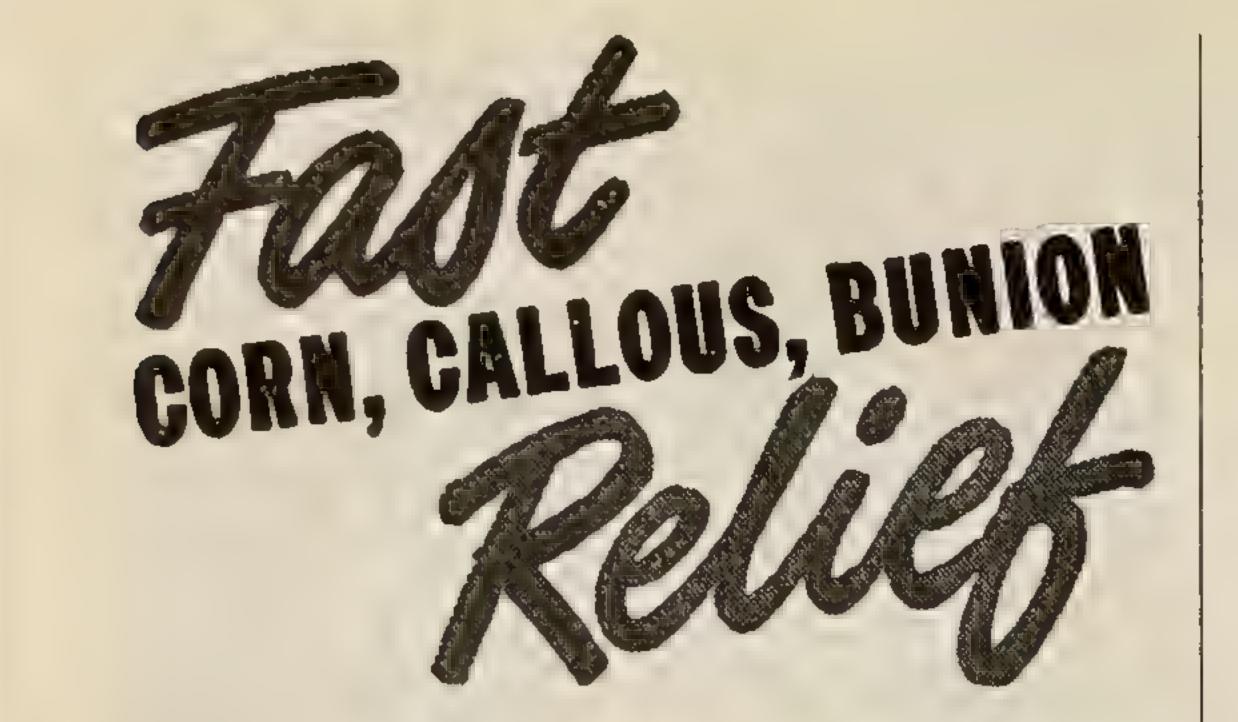
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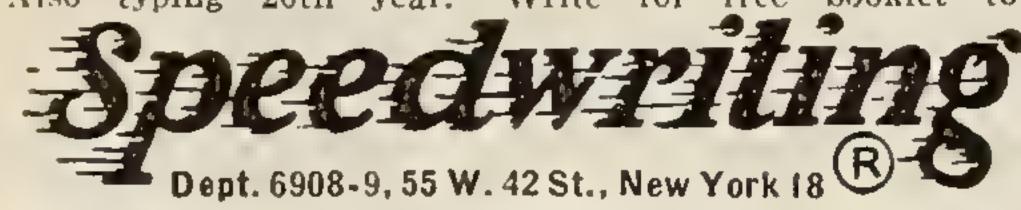


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Guild and a chance to work with Gadget (Elia) Kazan. It was a rewarding experience, though I was thinner and sadder. In fact, I was ill."

June, in fact, was very ill. They found her wandering about an office building, not knowing who she was. The doctors suspected a brain tumor, found it was a thyroid condition that had been partially responsible for the inferiority complex which had made her feel that she was a complete failure. She under-

went an operation.

"After it was all over," June says, "I ended up at Malibu—weighing 110 pounds and feeling that I was completely washed up. I occupied a maid's room and otherwise lived on the beach, went barefooted and wore blue jeans. It worked—before long I began to eat and sleep as I should. The Theatre Guild put me on the radio with John Garfield in 'They Knew What They Wanted,' which made me decide that maybe I wasn't too bad, at that."

In due time she did another movie chore and played in "They Knew What They Wanted" in Westport, Connecticut, and in Summer stock. Betty Field opened on Broadway in "Dream Girl," written by her husband, Elmer Rice Betty Field took sick and June was se-

lected to replace her.

"The notices were wonderful," says June, "and we had a long, 11-month run. The critics were more than kind to me but I'll still only die happy after I create a part like that in 'Dream Girl'

on Broadway."

After the play closed, June went back to Malibu and the blue jeans routine. Only this time, Rex Ferris and his partner, Wally Twinty, let her wear their chic hats when they took her out at night—Don Loper did the same with his dress creations. So by day she was a Cinderella-like barefoot girl with a coat of tan; an exotically-dressed snooty swell in the best clubs at night. Oddly enough, it was the beach Cinderella who impressed an agent to the extent of making her take a screen test. One little teensy test that resulted in: six pictures in two years; 10 weeks of "Rain" with a bunch of ambitious kids called the "Circle Players;" 27 radio shows and a Westport engagement that included "Anna Christie," "Lysistrata" and "Girl Of The Golden West."

"I hadn't thought about love all this time," June says, "even though some of my best friends are men. Then one night I looked up and there he was—a tall young man with a beard. His name was Bill Spier and he's a radio producer ("Suspense," etc.). We were married in due course—that was a year and a half ago and I've never felt better, never looked better." Right!

June wasn't sure about accepting the role offered her in "Gentleman's Agreement," so she put it squarely up to producer Gadget Kazan-what would he do about accepting-not accepting the bigoted secretary role, if he were she? "He looked out of the window," she says, "took his time about it and finally said: 'I'd take it.' I did and the two days' work paid me \$10,000. I told you, didn't I, that I was rich now?"

June played a small role in 20th Century-Fox's "The Iron Curtain" and did broad comedy in the same factory's "When My Baby Smiles At Me." Then she dropped in at Paramount to make the Ladd picture, also the one with Betty Hutton.

"In 'Chicago Deadline,'" she says, "I'm sincere, warm and in love. As you've heard, I've played an assortment of movie roles. I've never been permanently typed, for the simple reason, I suspect, that the movie companies have never really known what to do with me.

"Much of the Ladd movie was shot in Chicago," she continued. "They used a hidden camera to photograph people unaware of what was going on. They've even worked in that odd Chicago police whistle that no other city seems to have.

"Alan Ladd is warm, friendly, even soft and sweet, if I may say so. I liked him very much to work with and to

know.

"Red, Hot And Blue is the best Hutton picture to date," June insists. "It's concerned with three girls—Betty, Jane Nigh and me, with me being a bigcity smoothie. Though Betty's a naïve little thing in the picture, she outwits everyone in the long run, including a platoon of police.

"I heard," said June, "and, mind you, this was merely a grapevine-communique, that Betty had insisted on my being in the movie with her, saying that she wanted to be surrounded by talent-girls. I'm only agreeing with everyone else at the studio when I say I think Betty

is charming . . . . "

She mentioned her daughter, April (by her first husband, who died), said the child was quite an actress. "What a dramatic kid!" said June, chuckling. "When I drove her to school recently, April went into a dramatic pose as I was about to leave and said, tragically: 'Ah, my wispy little mother!'. Her wispy little mother popped a button trying not to laugh!"

Three oil paintings sitting on the mantelpiece were by June. They were Christmas scenes done via imagination and not bad at all for an amateur she says her sculptures are better. June's Hollywood home, incidentally, is an interesting miniature Victorian job that's almost a Victorian zoo, what with 12 finches, two canaries, three cats, two dogs and a vividly-colored toucan named Bottom (all the birds bear the names of characters in "Midsummer Night's Dream"), who's nuts about June.

June has high hopes for their marriage, her's and Bill's. "Cooperation counts a very great deal in making marriages work," she said, "and cooperation can only be arrived at if you first know yourself right down to the ground. When I spent a lot of time on the 17th floor of the New York Hospital, I could only look out and think, and believe me, I thought about things I didn't know were stored up in my mind.

"Also, those long walks by the sea resulted in a Lady's Agreement between me and myself. I got to know this June better and to live with her in

peace.

"Among other things, I came to realize

that 'Pal Joey' was one of the greatest shows of all time and one of the best for me—though at the time I didn't realize it. Which merely proves how little I knew about what was going on.

"In looking back, as I did, I discovered that—all along the way—the failures I'd endured had always resulted in eventual success. They built whatever character I have and they steered me in the right direction—even when it seemed certain that that direction was a one-way street to the junk heap.

"Now," June said, partly to Suzetta, comfortably sprawled in her lap, and partly to this envious reporter, "now all I ask is a chance to create something. Not to replace someone in a role they've built from the ground on up, but to carve it out myself and to make it honestly good."

Perhaps—even if she doesn't realize it —June carved out something extremely good when she made June Havoc the

real person that she is . . .

# Danny Wanted To Be Dr. Kaye!

Continued from page 36

skill."

Another example of the more-sober side of you-know-who, is the successful recording he made of a number turned out by his wife, Sylvia. Titled "Eileen," it's a sentimental ballad about an Irish girl whose lover is lost at sea. Danny sings it straight, sincerely, and with an astonishingly good voice—the net effect wringing tears out of countless stones.

"I've always had a soft spot in me heart for 'Molly Malone,'" Danny said, lounging in his chair. "Really prefer it to some of the crazy songs. I've also done an album of Gilbert & Sullivan that's on sale—ahem—at most good music shops. One of the sweetest numbers I know is called 'Dena's Lullaby,' written when our Dena was three days old—the same who's now 25 months old. As it so happens, I have a picture of her here, somewhere. . . ." The picture turned out to be a leather folder that unfolded some 10 pictures of Miss Dena.

Your correspondent was among the first to talk to this good humor man, four years ago, right after he'd finished his first movie—it was for a Mr. Goldwyn which hadn't even been released at the time. Danny was worried, we reported, fearful of his next move. "I've never had a bad break," he moaned, looking more like Zasu Pitts than the toujours-gai Kaye. "And I worry for fear that one's

due me."

In the four years that have since clicked off, that bad break has, considerately, kept discreetly out of sight. Even so, the above gent still frets. . . .

Which is wasted effort because Danny should be as happy as a clam. After five good Goldwyn pictures (his movies have always been in Technicolor), Danny has signed with Warner Bros. and has just finished his first super-colossal Technicolor comedy at the Burbank factory.

"Happy Times" is the film's name, made under the expert direction of Henry Koster and with Barbara Bates (of "June" Bride") playing opposite Daniel, herein an honest but highly illiterate young Gypsy who becomes a dishonest but highly illiterate young imposter.

Danny's wife, Sylvia, wrote the musical material he uses in the picture, including a ballad, "Happy Times," which he sings to Miss Bates, a scullery maid in the mayor's home. Danny's first straight movie song, movie audiences will be treated to the (engaging) sentimental side of this clown.

"Four years ago," Danny said, "I was terribly impatient. I suppose it was the newness of the medium; anyway, once I accepted movie work as a fact, I settled down. As I see it, the technical side of the movies is great, really terrific, but every once in a while I yearn for the stage—the answer lying in the big audience. That, to me, is the stage's enormous asset. . . .

Fun aside, Danny takes his movie work seriously, proof lying in the direction of the two tailors who had to work all night making trousers for him. All because, for a sequence in "Happy Times" in which his pants were only supposed to be singed, the comic insisted that they really burn because the effect would be better.

Told to indicate hunger by chewing on Elsa Lanchester's arm, Danny took a realistic bite, quipped: "At last, a part I can sink my teeth into!" Four cameras, at all times, covered the whirlwind slapstick scenes from every angle. Since they were never twice the same, due to Danny, the four cameras made sure that never-repeated stuff wasn't lost.

The new RCA unidirectional microphone helped by recording Danny's musical numbers as they were shot, instead of pre-recording by the comic and then

shooting to a playback.

Highly important, that, in his case, since he's at his best in an ad-lib routine aided by a howling grip-audience which would be missing from a bare recording studio. Because this new-type mike easily cuts out all extraneous noises, Danny was able to work with Sylvia at a background piano, have the orchestra dubbed onto the sound track, later on. This way, every impromptu bit was picked up and used, the studio audience's cackling ignored by the mike but vastly appreciated by the performer.

Danny likes to test things out at rehearsal, shoot them pronto, if they're good. He clowns as much behind a camera as in front of one—climbing up with the juicers to throw a spotlight into someone's face or breaking up Director Koster with a whispered gag in the middle of a take. Generally speaking, Danny's a washout at rehearsals—merely walking through business while pondering like mad, saving his punches for the takes. He was nearly pulled out of the stage "Lady In The Dark" because the backers



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saw him at a rehearsal and were certain that he was absolutely colorless. But when the show opened, it was Danny who stole it....

"I'm not a gag comic," he says. "What I need are situations and character, and the search for such is tough the seriousness of being funny keeps comedians sad. Writing first-class humor is hard labor. It's a science, a dash of this, a dash of that—like chemistry. I've never told a joke on the stage. . . ."

Apropos that apparently paradoxical quote, Danny means that he's never told one about Pat and Mike, or used the toofamiliar, "On my way to the theatre, a very funny thing happened to me" routine.

He relies on a basic, written routine in the movies and whenever he makes a stage appearance, at \$25,000 and up to \$40,000 a week, but he's mainly an adlib comic who says: "It's handy to have written stuff up your sleeve in case you lay an egg—but it's only through good ad-libs that new material is invented."

One of his best routines resulted from off-the-cuff clowning during a London stage appearance. "What, no tea, old boy?" Danny asked, kidding the orchestra leader in the pit. The leader unexpectedly handed up a cup; Danny had been pulling the gag right along. "All I need now," said Danny, not in the least stumped, "is a sandwich." A stagehand rushed out with one. "A chair!" the comedian demanded, asked the orchestra for dinner music and did a pantomime of two girls enjoying a cosy tea. It brought down the house and became part of the act.

"I have to change my routine," Danny says, "for variety's sake, otherwise I'd run into a mental fog and go stale. A fresh show is more fun, insures a better performance. To that end, I study people and little human weaknesses, try to

fit them into my material.

"For years," he says, "I've been getting laughs at home with a satire on The Busy Eater. You've seen the type—they concentrate like a hog on four different dishes simultaneously, stuffing away and not listening to table talk. I had trouble, even so, selling Warners on four minutes of this for 'Happy Times,' but I finally talked them into shooting me doing it through a meal—and now it's in the pic-

He also apes you and me in the picture, when we sing the "Star Spangled" Banner," mumbling, pretending that we know the words beyond the third line. He does the same thing with the fake anthem of the imaginary country in the movie. "When it's based on real life," he says, "it's merely a matter of becoming free and easy—the hard way.

"The first show," Danny said, "excites me. I try everything. When I do a routine for the first time, I go overboard, to see just how far I should go. After that I relax, fall into a pattern. I have to, I couldn't continue as I do in the opening show, the pace would kill me. You have to love making people laugh, as I do, or four-a-day would be too tough a job."

The ex-Brooklynite who took London howl, along with everyone else, went

back there again. Six weeks at the Palladium and then the provinces, with every seat sold and sharpers hawking black market tickets—according to a letter from London.

Being funny is such devilishly serious business that Danny has to be physically tough, too. Slim as he is, Danny owns a solid chest, good arm and leg muscles. He plays golf, bats a ball and runs a good mile to keep tabs on his breathing, that which makes possible those fast double-talk numbers for which he's notorious.

He's pro-California. "Lived there for the last  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years," he says. "At first I wasn't too crazy about it but now I'm sold on the place—mostly because I play golf, and New York in Winter time means no golfing."

Golf or no golf, the most important item in Danny's life is his daughter, Dena. His face even takes on that operation-look when he mentions her.

"If Dena wants to go on the stage someday," he says, "I'll have no objection. I think she has talent, even now, but if it should be that she hasn't enough, it would mean real heartbreak. And being related to me certainly won't help her any, but maybe she could change her name.

"Even at the tender age of 25 months," he went on, "her talent has developed. She has the same ear for accents that I have and she can repeat anything in exactly the same dialect in which she heard it. Dena has a colored nurse whom she can imitate to perfection. When I got back from overseas, Dena drawled: 'Yessuh, Mistah Danny was met at th' air po't.' Her bon soir would do credit to Boyer and she sings on perfect pitch she sings 'Buttons And Bows'—which is remarkable for a two-year-old."

Danny is smart enough to realize that booking himself would be too much to take, along with his work. He's busy enough just trying to properly appraise his material. "I can never tell," he says, "how good it is until I've fooled around with it. Unless I can get my hands, mouth and face into it—all over it, yet— I can't be entirely sure. I do know, however, the minute I set foot on the stage, how an audience is reacting—instinct, probably.

"Incidentally," he went on, "I'd like to do away with the myth about the unemotional British. I've found that they're warm, friendly and even enthusiastic. They're also show-wise and very quick to get a joke. And they do understand American brand humor—as is. I haven't had to change any of my regular U.S. material for English audiences."

Kaye's answer for everything is simple—simply that he likes to make people laugh. A trade at which, as one of the truly great comedians of all time, he has succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. Probably because he's wholly serious about the ancient profession of jester.

Every comedian allegedly wants to play serious roles in the theatre, but Danny isn't jesting when he says, firmly: "I don't want to play Hamlet...."

Yorick he knows intimately, but he by storm and made the Royal Family ain't talking to him. Not on the stage, that is. . . .

Dept. 6714, 1227 Loyola Ave.,

# Intoxicating Vixen

Continued from page 41

she happens to be a motion picture actress today.

As a young girl in Paris, Corinne had a very close girl friend who liked to do everything Corinne did. The only trouble was that whatever the girl friend did, she did better than Corinne. Together they studied sculpturing and interior decorating. And the other girl turned out work just a little better than Corinne's.

"I must find something which I can do better than she," Corinne decided. She was sure that she could be the better actress of the two, so Corinne joined a little theatre group. And it was true; her friend could not compete with her in dramatics.

At first Corinne was given just oneline roles. By diligently applying herself, it was not too long before she was capable of becoming the understudy to the star. In France, the role of an understudy is far brighter than it is in America; for in her contract, the star must agree to allow the understudy to perform in the role on at least two nights during the run of the show. Still, the activity of a repertoire group requires great physical strength. It is extremely hard work.

"I was young then, only sixteen or seventeen," says Corinne who is all of twenty-two now, "and I could take it. But I wouldn't even try to do it now. I finally quit the repertoire theatre and went to a screen school."

In the screen school, which is very much like our dramatic schools except that it prepares you for the motion picture field only, Corinne worked very hard. But again nothing happened. And Corinne is not one to sit back and just let nothing happen. She firmly believes, I repeat, in going after what she wants. So in the small hours of the dawn one morning Corinne decided what she was going to do. She jumped out of her bed, where she had lain sleepless for the night, and ran to the telephone. From the directory she began to look for the names of Motion Picture Producers and Directors. Under the A's she found the first one, Director Marc Allegret. Good! Even his name denoted optimism, speed, a bright out-look! So she dialed his number. Not later in the day when he might have been awake and possibly even had time for coffee. Oh no! Corinne called him right then—at daybreak. True, she didn't know him, and he certainly knew nothing of her. But she had made up her mind that he would know something about her.

Roused from a sound sleep by the jangling of a telephone, M. Allegret was in a not too receptive frame of mind. Then he listened to the pleading voice of the little French girl from the other end of the connection. She was pouring out her heart to him. She told him how hard she had worked, how everyone praised her work so highly. She was very

And she must, she MUST become a movie actress. Allegret was intrigued.

"I know it was crazy of me to phone that nice man at such an early hour," she admits. "Perhaps he thought that I was a simple country girl with whom he could flirt. At that hour I must have sounded pretty simple. Poor man. I think he was surprised when he met me."

M. Allegret had asked her to come to see him the following afternoon to discuss the matter. His office was on the third floor, and rather than take the elevator and arrive so suddenly, Corinne decided to walk slowly up the stairs, taking deep breaths at every step to try to regain her calm. Between the second and third floors five men were holding an animated conference, blocking the way. Corinne waited for a moment. Then seeing that they didn't even realize they were in her path, she spoke to them—a little more sharply, perhaps, than was necessary, for she was still upset. They let her pass, and just as she was a few steps away she heard one of the men say excitedly:

"That is the girl we want!" What nerve! Corinne turned around and told them in no uncertain terms what she thought of such men who tried to make acquaintances with strange girls. Then she hurried into Allegret's office. While she was talking to him, the door suddenly opened and one of the men looked in.

"Yes, she's in there," she heard him say. Then a few minutes later the five men from the stairway sent in word that they would like very much to meet Corinne and explain to her about the incident. To her great surprise, the five men turned out to be a producer, a director, a cameraman, a casting director, and a banker who was financing a film for the other four. They had just come from seeing the film tests of eight actresses. Each of the tests had been disappointing. The girls had not shown enough fire. Then along came Corinne, blazing mad. No wonder they had exclaimed, "That is the girl we want!" Corinne signed with them and went at once to Italy to make her first film.

RKO was the first American film company to show interest in Miss Calvet. Then a talent scout from Paramount spotted her. He asked her to come into the Paris offices where she was given a long questionnaire to fill out. Corinne felt insulted at what she thought were extremely personal things they asked, and she gave some rather unexpected answers.

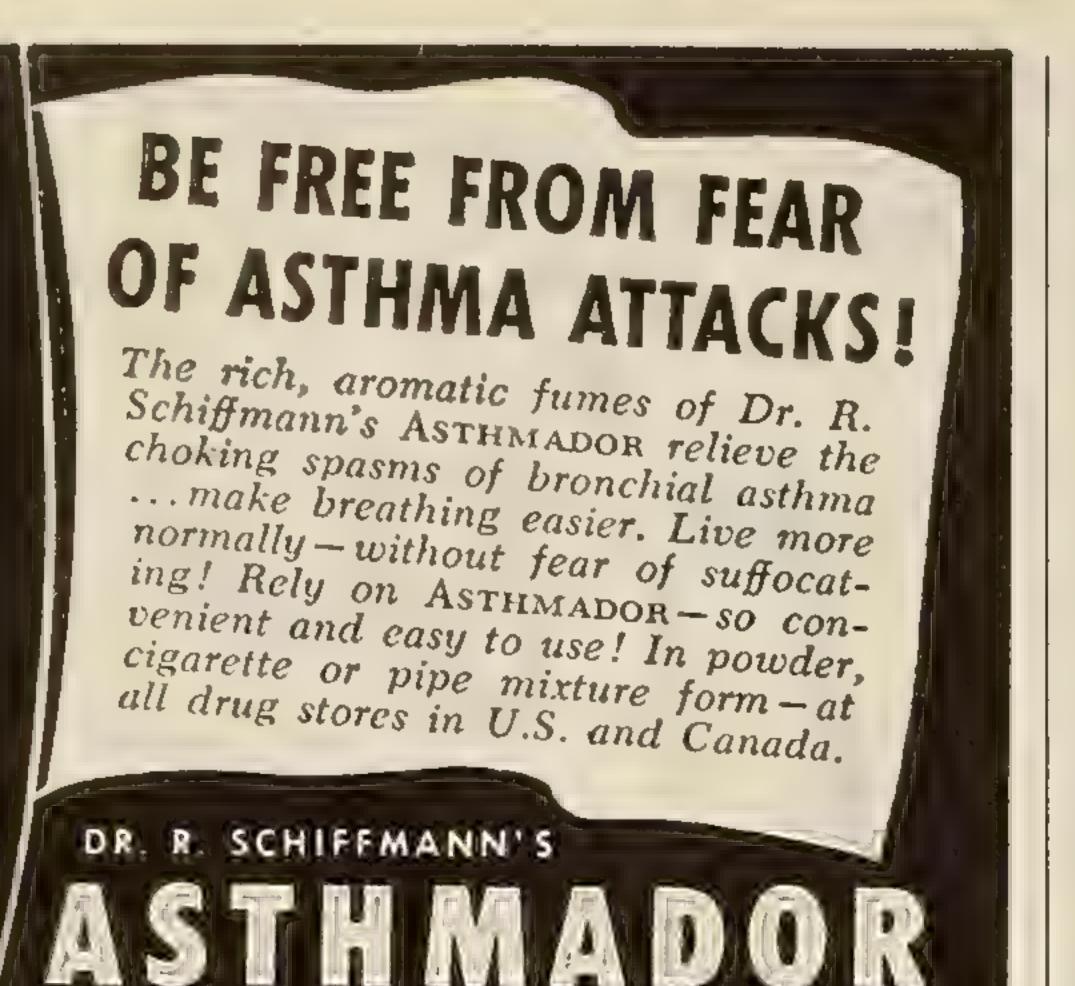
"What do you think I am?" she wondered. "Just an extra?"

Corinne was in the South of France doing a Technicolor picture when she was told that Paramount had sent a man from New York to Paris to see her. This was different! Corinne took the first train back to Paris. The only acpraised her work so highly. She was very commodation she could get on such much ready for pictures—she knew it. short notice was in a chair car. When

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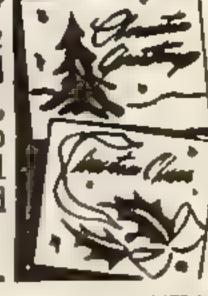
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HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS 7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. M178 Hollywood 38, Calif. she arrived in Paris she was completely dishevelled.

"I could not have looked worse," she confessed. "I had a run in my stocking and my hair was terrible. I hadn't had time to get it done. The poor man who met me was amazed at the way I looked. But I must have made some sort of an impression with my queer appearance, for he signed me to a contract with Paramount within a week. And three weeks later I was on a boat, headed for America and Hollywood.

"Because I did not understand the language very well, my first year in America was very sad for me. It was full of so many misunderstandings. Then to complete my year, I crashed my car. I got a very bad cut on my chin and had to have eighteen stitches taken in it. My face looked awful. My mouth was pulled way down to the right and was left hanging open for a long time. The doctors said I had to have two plastic operations before I could get my face back. And even then I couldn't be sure how I would look after they took off the bandages.

"And that is how I looked when I met my Johnny." Her voice lingered over the name, as if she were trying to keep it in the atmosphere as long as possible. She was speaking, of course, about John Bromfield, that wonderfully handsome young actor who has been her husband since late last Fall.

A friend had been kind enough to take her out quite frequently. On one of their trips he picked up his friend John Bromfield at the Santa Monica Pier.

"He looked so big and handsome standing there in his swimming trunks. I thought, 'How terrible that I should meet anyone so wonderful as this man when I look so awful.' Then he got into the car with us. It was just a little coupe and we had to sit very close together. And I felt so very wonderful all of a sudden. I looked up at him and he was looking at me. He smiled at me and I felt so warm and wonderful all over. It was sensational! I never felt that way before. I just couldn't understand it."

Then three days later Corinne was ill. She had developed a bad cold. John came over and took care of her. For several months after that Corinne and John saw each other nearly daily. Then in October Johnny went on a personal appearance tour that took him out of town for ten days. For the first time they were separated.

"And that did it!" Corinne declares. As soon as Johnny returned to Hollywood, he and Corinne made a quick trip to Nevada, and were married.

"Here in America," Corinne says, "children are raised with stories of cowboys and detectives. In France we are brought up hearing the mystic stories about the fairies. All my life I dreamed that one day my Prince Charming would come along. In my dreams he would find me poor and shivering in rags. But he would love me regardless of the way I looked and he would carry me off on his white steed to his palace where we would be married and live happily ever after. With John my dream came true. When he found me, my face was scarred and torn. I looked so ugly. But just the same he fell in love with me. We did not know how my face might look after it healed. But my Prince Charming didn't mind. It was I he fell in love with. That is a great test of love. But he passed it. Now I do not care what age might do to me, because I am sure of my husband's love."

This, then, is Corinne Calvet, the adorable Parisienne who will soon be capturing the hearts of the movie-goers of America. Her first American picture will be released this Fall—then look out!

In a Wallis production for Paramount, the saucy French miss will be introduced to the English speaking public. The picture is "Rope Of Sand," a story of diamond mining in South Africa. For her co-star, Corinne has none other than Burt Lancaster, another Hal Wallis find. As the only woman in the picture, Corinne has all of the male cast vying for her love (pictorially speaking). Ironically enough, one of the men who makes a play for her—then loses out to Lancaster —is her own husband, John Bromfield.

"But I don't mind," he laughs. "You see, at five o'clock, Corinne leaves Burt and comes home with me!"

# Party Gossip

Continued from page 10

Lynn spoke her vows to John Lindsay, was the one which made Iris Bynum the wife of Col. David Allerdice.

While Iris may have been publicized as the only starlet never to have made a picture, her fame grew from the fact that she had the most glamourous dates in the film colony.

SCREENLAND readers will recall seeing her pictured at premieres and parties with John Payne, Keenan Wynn, Orson Welles, Van Johnson and her steadiest beau—Clark Gable.

But she bade them all goodbye, just when everyone thought that the Bynum-Gable combination was as serious as the Jimmy Stewart-Gloria McLean deal, to marry an Air Force colonel on comparatively scant notice.

Of course, Iris is so easy-going that it is no wonder that the dashing young colonel was able to sweep her off her feet, but I couldn't help asking before she folded her fabulous date book and put it away with her memories, just how she did it.

TNCHING around, as she was being I fitted for her stunning Don Loper trousseau, Iris said, "Cobina, a so-called glamour boy is no different from any other man. I've never chased a man. I've never suggested his doing anything I didn't think he wanted to do. And I've always let my dates take the lead!"

This Texas beauty may be slow, but that's how she kept her men in the running and how, like a glamourous tortoise, she out-stripped the movie queens who led their beaux the pace that kills

This "San Antonio Rose" was discovered on a golf course by Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, who evidently had their eyes as much on the gallery as they did on their brassie shots. She came to Hollywood with her mother and was promptly signed by Howard Hughes. Howard, as is his wont, kept her under contract and out of sight until Iris, tired of never seeing a camera, started into radio writing. From then on, she blossomed into publicity, but achieved more of it for herself, by the company she kept.

While other girls ogled enviously, Iris would step out with Tony Martin or dance across the Mocambo floor with Van Johnson. The most sought-after men in America all loved her because she never seemed to care about who they were.

The proof of it is that she tossed away her date book and her list of marriage proposals to marry the comparatively unknown colonel. At least, he was comparatively unknown to Iris until he showed up at Ocean House last New Year's Eve.

It was a very formal party and Iris had been appointed its formal hostess. As such she had to turn on the charm to everyone who entered and everyone who entered either greeted the gorgeous Iris with a kiss or a "How ARE you, dahling?"

Now, Iris, inured to the habits of

Hollywood, had the stamina to take hours of this sticky greeting—but not the man who happened to be standing next to her.

"How can you take it?" the voice asked and Iris glanced up to see a handsome Air Force colonel grinning down at her.

Before she had a chance to answer, the clock struck twelve and the lights went out.

"Well, it looks as if I'll have to kiss you!" the voice of the colonel said. Whereupon he made contact. But before he released her—and it must have been some kiss—he added, "I'm going to marry you!"

Never think a colonel doesn't keep his word, because Col. David Allerdice, war hero and former Princeton football star, did and their wedding seven months later brought out a flock of socialites and celebrities.

Iris chose Ocean House, the magnificent former beach home of Marion Davies, where she first met David, as the scene for her wedding. There in the panelled library overlooking the moonlit Pacific Ocean, Iris spoke her vows before an altar banked high with lilies, gardenias and white stock.

NE of Iris' famous beaux showed up, although Clark Gable sent a beautifully worded wire to congratulate the bride, saying that if he hadn't been in the East he would have been there.

# Keep An Eye On Rudy!

Continued from page 42

He is firm in the belief short film television subjects will be among the most important ingredients of TV programs in the near future.

"Among other things, I'm making short song subjects in which I sing the songs," he explained when he was in New York recently. "The films are in color, illustrated by drawings and sketches in India ink. The technique is not unlike the former movie song slides except that it is much more modern and imaginative. These shorts, obviously, employ the still picture for eye appeal.

"I tell the story of the songs—such songs as 'These Foolish Things Remind Me Of You,' 'Pinto Ben,' 'Holy Night,' 'Vagabond Lover,' 'Maine Stein Song,' and the 'Whiffenpoof Song.' I have other people beside myself in many of the subjects, and I have hundreds of subjects. The films can be turned out for \$500 each. Such a sum will be a boon for the coming small television studios.

Vallee also is producing shorts of famed vaudeville acts, Westerns, sports and health subjects, dramatized short stories.

"Live television, unless it is news or sports or special events, is unsatisfactory because it lacks spontaneity and naturalness," he asserted. "That's why it will have to be on film."

He feels that video is still embryonic,

that its color work in general is poor, that its production is occasionally inexpert. But he is sanguine that the necessary equipment to correct the television camera's current limitations will shortly be forthcoming. Because of this confidence he is experimenting with film as it will be made by the video camera within, he predicts, three years.

"I am absolutely certain," he said, his eyes lighting up with enthusiasm, "that by 1952, television will be something next to sensational.

"Right now it has the amusement world wheeling giddily, as baffled as it is bewildered. For so many years people had been producing films and radio shows with complete serenity. But essentials in all normal business are forever changing. New ideas, new techniques come along, and the smart producers are the ones who adapt themselves readily and intelligently to the changes.

Rudy already can be credited with a couple of innovations in video film production. One of them is the turning out of titles that not only are shown on the screen but are voiced. Thus, a television set owner who is watching a program can be attracted "by ear" to the film's title and to the names of those who are about to appear on the telescreen.

Secondly, he is dubbing in sound applause and laughter so that when a



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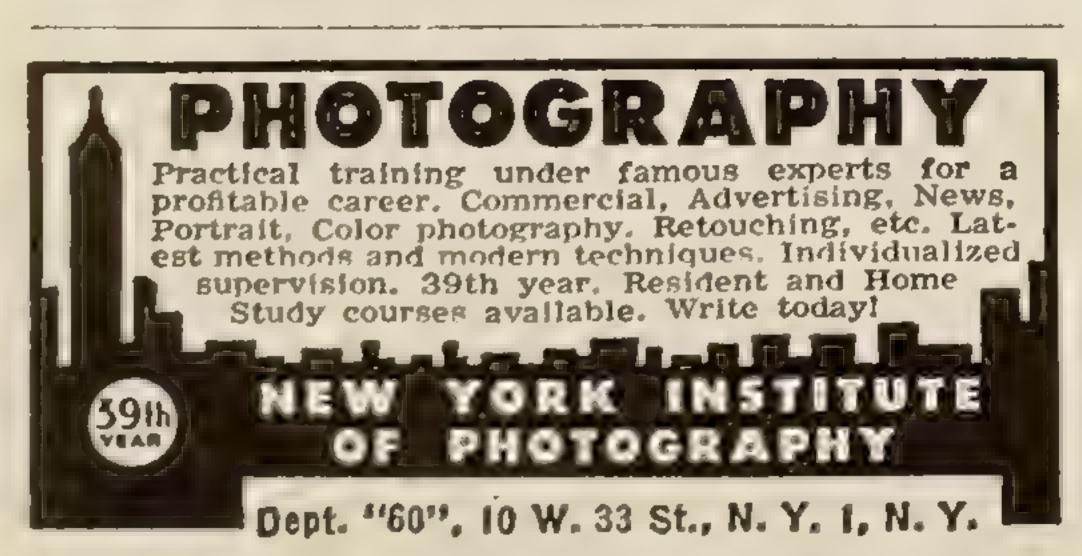


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comedian says something funny it will not be projected into complete silence. Hearing other people laugh, Rudy thinks, will be a stimulant to join in the laughter.

Meanwhile, the radio glamour boy of the '30s made the pleasant, though not wholly unexpected discovery, while in New York that he is television material himself. He was on the first Ed Sullivan video show last January, scored such a hit just being Rudy Vallee that he received offers of \$1,500 and \$2,000 a week for a 40-week season.

"Why should I bat my brains out for \$1,500 or \$2,000 a week now when in two or three years I'll be making \$15,000 a week?" he asked with a hint of impatience. "Why wear out my welcome

at this stage of television?

"I can afford to be independent. I can afford to wait until the engineers find a way to meet the needs of camera and programs so that a show on which I appear can be televised with maximum effectiveness. To achieve the desired qualities of intimacy, naturalness, spontaneity and showmanship, all artfully blended, programming has to be expanded."

Rudy believes there is a certain close relationship between motion picture and

television camera work.

"If you can't do it in pictures, then don't do it in television," he declared. "Eventually, maybe, the larger shows will have as many as a dozen cameras shooting, to capture the video show from all angles. Just because the camera can only focus on, perhaps, two or three performers at a time, or just part of a setting, is no reason why the show should be planned within those limitations. Otherwise, a show would lose much of its value, its 'feel'."

Anyway, Rudy Vallee, in common with others in the television field, is seeking the true pattern of presentation. To him TV is the most demanding of the entertainment fields because one is expected to do in a week what most producers in other forms do in a month.

"Television is constantly improving," he said. "The screens are getting larger, the camera work is becoming more expert. The announcers are better than they were in the early days of radio. Some day television will be shown in color and will be even more a copy of life."

Rudy frankly admitted that his recent engagements in movie theatres and night clubs were arranged solely to obtain money to finance more films for television. He would be the first to warn anyone contemplating making video films that not only solid financial backing is necessary, but that operation at a loss is bound to be the result for a time during the present television experimental period.

The Vallee of the '30s, whose dulcettoned serenades used to increase the palpitation of feminine hearts, merely did as a "single" in his recent shows what he did in the old days with a band surrounding him. Broadway, he believes, erroneously called his return "a comeback," for he has never been away from the entertainment world. At any

event, he stepped out on the stage in a midnight blue tuxedo and sang again in intimate tones the old serenades, supplemented, as of old, by such sentimental tributes to the college campus as the Maine Stein Song and the Whiffenpoof Song.

Time has made no noticeable change in Rudy. His voice, his face and figure, his geniality, his curious and likeable blend of naivete and sophistication are the same as when he had the country by the ears. What some of his fellowalumni of Yale think about him no longer disturbs him as it once did. Being a son of Yale, he will continue to whiffenpoof her whenever the spirit moves him.

He would never undertake band leadership again, for it would "tie him down fifty weeks of every year" and thus prevent screen engagements, producing films for television and living the comparatively independent life he now enjoys. He likes being settled in one place—the place being Southern California. He owns and lives in Ann Harding's old home in the Hollywood hills. He owns another home in Palm Springs which he rents for brief periods to fellow screen stars.

Would Rudy marry again—for the

fourth time?

No, he didn't think he would. He "likes to look," he said, "and a married man has no business looking."

Though he still sings of love, Rudy seems to care less and less about it. His absorbing interest today is television and the short films he is making for the nation's receptive armchairs.

His faith in the new medium is strong

and abiding.

# Take To The Sticks

Continued from page 18

stars and starlets I cannot recall one case of face repair in public. Hollywood knows how to put on its makeup to stay!

So let us see if we, too, can put on a makeup that will stay prettily in place for hours to come, in spite of heat or humidity.

Though the usual procedure is foundation followed by powder, you will like some of the preparations in the newer trend that combine both. Whatever you use, you must start with perfectly clean skin. Please read carefully the directions for applying and do just as you are told. You can use too much of a divine foundation and rob yourself of the true beauty it should give. The general advice of use sparingly but apply thoroughly and evenly is wise for practically every preparation of this kind. The trick is a light, even coating, blended perfectly to avoid edges or little concentrated spots of color. If you like foundation and powder —and one foundation beauty comes in stick form—then a light blush of rouge should go on after foundation. Now, plenty of powder should be pressed onto your foundation, never rubbed in, then dusted off lightly with cotton or a clean

puff. If you are using the combination base and powder preparation, try this: where your preparation is the cream type, apply a tiny bit of cream rouge after the makeup is on your skin. If you are using the combination makeup that is like compressed powder, then a flick of a dry rouge puff after the makeup is on seems best.

So far, so good. Get this much of your face really set by blotting gently with tissue or clean puff any spot that may seem a little too creamy. Now, if you do not handle it roughly, your complexion should look fresh and lovely for a long time. If you like eye shadow, its day use should be only a faint suspicion of depth for your eyes. For evening, you may like the whisper of jade, amethyst, brown or blue-gray that a new eye shadow stick gives to your eyes. Or, there is a very new eyebrow pencil that is designed for lightly lining your lashline, also. Its own concealed sharpener is encased in the pencil to assure a fine, soft point at all times.

Whether you choose the conventional lipstick or the longer pencil types, you should now put on your lips, finishing either with the thin edge of your lipstick or a lipbrush, so that a clear outline will remain until you remove it. For dates, you will like the protection that you apply over lipstick to keep it from rubbing, smearing or "eating" off.

Now the business of preserving that makeup through a busy day or a long evening requires only a little care and a gentle touch. Though this department stands for at least three thorough skin cleansings a day, it is sometimes quite impossible to work in the mid-day or end-of-working ritual. Then, we must do the best we can with our face as is. When there is shine, due to oil, moisture or perspiration, the usual tendency is to put on

some powder to correct this. This is the step that often gives your face a heavy look. Either the special little tissues I mentioned earlier or the usual tissues, or even a fresh handkerchief, pressed firmly against your skin, especially nose, chin and forehead, will absorb the skin secretion, and then your powder or makeupcombination touchup will look prettier and fresher on your skin. If the outline of your lips is still clear, simply wipe off old lipstick from the center of the lips and apply fresh. No matter how fine a lipstick you use, you cannot fairly expect it to go all day in perfect condition. When you apply lipstick on lipstick, do not use a heavy touch. The light touch applies plenty of color and will give a truly fresh look.

If you have been busy at a typewriter or figures all day, a good stretch or two, in the powder room, or out of sight of fellow workers, has an amazingly reviving effect, as does a good deep breath or two.

Every girl should carry perfume in her purse. When you become fully aware of the great boost to morale and the loveliness it adds to you, you will realize that you miss a great source of charm when you are without fragrance. Contrary to the general opinion that it is bad taste to use perfume in business, a recent survey brought forth the reassuring fact that men executives prefer their assistant to use it, with taste and discretion, of course. For your purse, so that there shall be perfume wherever you go, there are many type of carriers, from leakproof, evaporation-proof tiny flat flasks to lipstick-like vials—the sticks are here again!

Keeping that fresh, crisp look in hot weather is an art, and gentle touches to your skin and with your makeup are the elementary lessons to be learned and practiced.

# Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 16

# The Lady Gambles

Universal-International

PSYCHOLOGICAL drama about a Woman who is obsessed with the gambling urge—it brings her nothing but grief and general degradation. Barbara Stanwyck, as the young wife, who suddenly discovers the lure of gambling while she and her reporter husband, Robert Preston, are in Reno, goes through the tortures of the damned. The lure of the dice tables, poker, and slot machines also brings something else into her life: a gambling casino owner, Stephen McNally. He finds romancing her doesn't work, but when she returns to Reno after Preston leaves her, and asks for McNally's help, he puts her to work as the front for a crooked racing scheme. She bets on the horse which throws the racket for a loop. McNally saves her from getting roughed up by his colleagues, but gives her a fast dustoff. From then on, she sinks lower and

lower until Preston finds her in a jailhospital and with the help of the doctor makes her see something in her past that caused her gambling mania. After seeing this, you'd be reluctant to even take a chance on a hospital-charity punchboard.

## Colorado Territory

Warner Brothers

TOEL McCREA is an outlaw and sentenced to serve twenty years for an assortment of robberies, but before the authorities can get him to a Federal prison, the boss of his ex-gang helps him escape. En route to the hideout, he meets a girl who reminds him of his dead fiancee. Because she's the sweet homebody type, he decides to give up his criminal ways and settle down on a ranch with her beside him. His boss has other ideas: he wants McCrea to pull off one more robbery so all of them can be solvent and retire. Joel likes the old



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At the hideout, which is in a ghost-town, he runs into Virginia Mayo, the sweetie of one of the bandits. She falls in love with McCrea only to find it's a one-sided romance—Joel has eyes only for Dorothy Malone. It isn't until they rob the train and Joel is wounded, that he learns how very much mistaken he was. Though you get the idea that he and Virginia are a doomed couple—at least there's the satisfaction that they're happy even for a short time. Good melodrama and suspense.

# Africa Screams

## United Artists

ND moviegoers will howl at this latest, and perhaps funniest, Abbott and Costello potpourri of gags, situations and mayhem. Abbott palms book salesman Costello off as a big-game hunter and intrepid adventurer who knows the interior of Africa better than his watch pocket. On the strength of this information, Hillary Brooke hires them to lead her and a safari of henchmen; namely, Max Baer and Buddy Baer, to where a native tribe is supposed to have a vast fortune in uncut diamonds. Abbott and Costello naturally manage to run into a procession of wild animals, a huge ape and a gang of cannibals, all of the same ferocity. To add more color, Frank Buck and Clyde Beatty offer their special talents to this jungle jest fest. If it's a sensible plot you go for, this isn't recommended, but if nonsense with no holds barred is your speed, then the green light's on.

# Calamity Jane And Sam Bass (Technicolor)

## Universal-International

HERE are some women who are I just no durn good for a man—and Calamity Jane, Yvonne De Carlo, seems to be the jinx for young Sam, Howard Duff. She means well enough, but because she shoots off her big mouth about Sam's wonder horse, who can outrace anything on four legs, a pair of rotten characters poison the Wild West version of Ponder. With that, not only is the horse gone, but also \$16,000 which Sam and his friends were supposed to bring back to the cattle owners after the drive. So sure of his horse winning the race, Sam has talked the fellows into betting on his horse. When they learn the horse was poisoned, they decide to rob the men who did the foul deed and get back the \$16,000. That done, they return home only to find the sheriff, Willard Parker, has a warrant for their arrest. Knowing they were in the right, Sam talks his friends into surrendering, since no jury, he reasons, would convict them once the facts are told. There's a double-cross and De Carlo has to come to the rescue. She breaks them out of jail and joins them in a slight crime wave which ends by Sam dying in Yvonne's arms while he talks of another girl he loves.

Until the men break out of jail, the

picture is fine; after that, it goes the way of all hoss-opera flesh. Why does the hero, when something goes wrong, always have to turn renegade?

# It Happens Every Spring

## 20th Century-Fox

VEN college professors aren't immune to that undermining fever baseball bacillus, and it strikes with devastating results at chemistry prof Ray Milland. By accident, he discovers a solution which repels wood, and needing money to wed the daughter of the dean, Jean Peters, he decides to use his discovery to the best advantage, and sets out to join a baseball team greatly in need of a pitcher. Just by rubbing a baseball with the solution, it is impossible that the ball be hit. In no time flat, that stranger who came out of nowhere is a national star. Nobody can understand it—his form is terrible, he obviously has had no baseball training, but still he can pitch a no-hit, norun game. Even his buddy, Paul Douglas, can't understand the guy. The solution, incidentally, is in a very limited quantity, and since Milland doesn't know the formula, when the supply is gone, he's finished. Enough said about that, there's no use spoiling your fun. This is certainly different—Ray Milland, a baseball player—and a good comedy. No doubt baseball club owners will start hiring chemists in the hope that they can duplicate Milland's formula.

# Susanna Pass

(Trucolor)

# Republic

IS NOT too good even with Roy Rogers and Dale Evans. Roy is a game warden who goes a-ridin' when the fish hatchery is mysteriously dynamited. A pair of crooks are trying to force the

owner of the hatchery into selling out so they can drill for oil under the lake. When the owner fails to go along with them, he's murdered and Roy resorts to some pretty unbelievable tricks to bring them to their just deserts. Every now and then, when things get slack, Roy breaks into song, which is fine—only instead of singing four numbers, he should have done about fourteen. Roy and Dale do as well as they can with the weak material, but even that isn't enough to save the picture.

## Interference

## RKO

PERHAPS a little early in the season, this is nevertheless a good account of what a spoiled woman can do to louse up her husband's life. As the glamourstarved wife of a glamourous professional football player, Lizabeth Scott not only causes him to lose a coaching job, but nearly causes his death to boot. Victor Mature is the adoring and indulgent husband who allows his wife her every whim—including her playing up to a man who can put her interior decorating shop on a paying basis.

# The Big Cat (Technicolor)

# Eagle Lion

A CTION and a mountain lion are the keynotes in this along with Lon McCallister, Peggy Garner and Preston Foster. Set in the Utah mountains, during the depression years, Lon comes to the locality from the city hoping to find work. He isn't equipped to handle the rough life, but when Foster is killed by the lion, it is Lon who tracks down the animal and in a fierce encounter kills it. Outstanding in the picture is the fight between Foster and Forrest Tucker—it's murderous brutality.

# Why Not Look Like A Star?

Continued from page 48

can be terribly feminine at night, but during the day, she should be very simply turned out. It's hard to tear the beads away from some people, but they should realize their personality is so much more important than the junk they hang on them. No dress, in itself, can make a girl look important. That authority . . . that assurance must come from the personality within.

Many Stars have delightful taste in clothes. Greer Garson picks the right thing every time. She knows what she is and has complete assurance. Joan Crawford never lets her fans down . . . she's a star to the last inch. Irene Dunne has exquisite taste. Mary Benny knows what she wants to look like and keeps that picture in mind. I do the simplest kind of clothes for her. She is the most

simply dressed woman of all time.

Stars Used To Set The Style but now the designers are doing it. Joan Crawford has always been a fashion star. She made the Adrian shoulder famous. But there is no one like that now. Today, instead of publicizing a star as a fashion personality, studios want the public to believe she stays home cooking. Lana Turner could be a great fashion star. Arlene Dahl could do it, too. She is so beautiful and with her dignity and charm, she wears clothes like a dream.

It Isn't Money, it's good taste and care in the selection of clothes that makes any girl's appearance outstanding. If she knows herself, buys better, if fewer, things and wears them with personal assurance, she can dress as well as any star.

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